

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1866.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

BY MAJOR JOHN LAWRENCE.

A QUARTER of a century ago you might have seen on any Winter evening in a humble western cabin a sturdy little bound boy, lying before a blazing fire, intently engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Slates were rare then, black-boards and chalk unknown, paper scarce, and candles a luxury to be indulged only when the preacher came round; but our little hero was not to be disheartened by these trifling disadvantages. The dry beech-wood afforded abundant light, a broad, smooth hearthstone was slate enough for our ambitious youth, and for writing material the big fire furnished him all the coals he could desire. He has seen some fine lettering on a store box—"Townsend & Smith"—and he reproduces it in back hand on the hearth, then rubs it out and tries it again. Then he tries his own name, and when he has executed it in pretty good style, associating it with the name of a young friend, he dreams of days to come when he may be a merchant. After completing his writing-lesson he applies himself to "Daboll;" and thus, with cold feet, roasting head, and little hand as black as the ace of spades, he works vigorously till bed-time.

Walk with me now into the head-quarters of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands for the district of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama, and allow me to introduce to you Brevet Major-General Clinton B. Fisk, the Assistant Commissioner. He will receive you in the most courteous manner, and you will find him to be a gentleman of very agreeable *personnelle*. In height, five feet ten, stoutly built, slightly bald, complexion light, aquiline nose, eyes deep blue and well arched, massive brain, voice mellow and

strong, and a face so frank and kind that you can not be embarrassed in his presence. If you enter his office to abuse the Bureau you will abandon your purpose, put on your blandest countenance, make yourself as agreeable as possible, and go away saying, "Well, the Bureau may be a very bad invention, but I declare I would like to have its chief for my neighbor." You will find him early and late at his desk working rapidly and persistently, and writing the same bold back hand which he practiced in his boyhood upon the broad hearthstone with "*Townsend & Company*" for a copy. He uses a gold pen now upon clean white paper; but he will never forget the charcoal, the smooth hearthstone, nor the blistering heat of the old cabin fire. Would the reader be pleased with a brief sketch of this Christian gentleman's life?

General Clinton B. Fisk was born December 8, 1828, in the village of York, Livingston county, State of New York. His parents were of New England origin, and of the same family from which sprung Dr. Wilbur Fisk, of precious memory. Benjamin B. Fisk, the General's father, removed with his family from Western New York to Lenawee county, Michigan, in the year 1830, and died at Clinton, Michigan, in September, 1832, leaving his widow with six boys, the subject of this sketch being the fifth. The widow and her boys were soon reduced to almost pinching poverty, and at an early age Clinton was sent from home to live with a farmer, who for several years gave him plenty of work, early and late, with few other benefits. Three months' schooling in the Winter were his early educational advantages, yet his old "Daboll" and "Olney" give evidence of persistent study. At the age of fifteen he was removed from Clinton to Spring Arbor, Jackson county, Michigan, to live with Deacon William Smith, who had married his mother,

and by whom he was adopted and furnished with increased educational advantages. He was a student of Michigan Central College, then at Spring Arbor, now at Hillsdale, at its first term; but he had learned his first lessons in Latin and Greek while plowing in the field, and without the aid of a teacher. He once went ten miles to get the proper pronunciation of "*Mu-sæ*." He prepared for college at Wesleyan Seminary, Albion, Michigan, under the lamented Dr. C. T. Hinman, but, being prevented from prosecuting his studies by a protracted inflammation of the eyes, he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits. In 1850 he married Miss Janetta A. Crippen, daughter of L. D. Crippen, and sister of J. B. Crippen, of Coldwater, Michigan, and with these gentlemen was associated as a merchant and banker till 1858, when he removed to the city of St. Louis, where his residence has since been.

General Fisk was among the early consistent and influential loyalists of Missouri, where the great struggle commenced. He had already pushed his way to the front rank of business men in that city, among whom there was a large number of traitors. In January, 1862, he and nearly a hundred other staunch loyalists were rejected as members of the Chamber of Commerce on account of their devotion to the Union, whereupon they, with other Union merchants, organized a new Board of Trade, styled the "Union Merchants' Exchange." The General was chosen secretary, treasurer, and executive officer. The enterprise was a grand success, and in a few months entirely swallowed up the old Chamber, and its influence upon public sentiment was wide-spread and most salutary.

The General was connected with the early "Home Guard" organization, and contributed much toward recruiting and fitting out volunteers. When the call for "three hundred thousand" more was made in July, 1862, Missouri was asked for eight regiments. The recruiting commenced slowly, and the Governor of the State desired Mr. Fisk to raise a brigade, General Blair having been authorized to raise one. The merchants of St. Louis, with great unanimity, resolved to aid the recruiting, and requested the General to raise the "Merchants' Brigade." He entered upon the work with his characteristic energy, and placed his regiment, the Thirty-Third Missouri Infantry, in the field in advance of all others, and by his personal influence did much toward the prompt filling up of Missouri's quota. He was promoted, November 24, 1862, to Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served on the staff of Major-

General Curtis till January, 1863, when he was ordered to the command of a brigade in the army of General Grant, then operating against Vicksburg. He served in the Army of the Tennessee, till June, 1863, when he was ordered by President Lincoln to the Department of Missouri, where he was placed in command of a district in South-East Missouri, and for many months defended it from invasion with which it was constantly threatened. His forces captured Jeff Thomson, and broke up the nests of guerrillas in North-East Arkansas, who had united their fortunes with the "Swamp Fox." In December, 1863, the General's command was enlarged by uniting his District with the District of St. Louis, and his head-quarters were changed from Pilot Knob to the city of St. Louis.

At this time Missouri was shaking not only with the tread of contending armies, but by political agitations. The Union men had broken into hostile factions. An old quarrel between General Fremont and General Blair had divided them into "radicals" and "conservatives," and the fierce contest between them was working immense damage to the country. General Fisk, although decidedly radical in his convictions, was eminently successful in restoring good feeling and promoting harmony of action, and his judicious administration of affairs in a most difficult situation was highly commended by the President, with whom his private correspondence was full and free.

In April, 1864, he was assigned to the command of the District of North Missouri, including all that portion of the State lying north of the Missouri River. This was one of the most difficult commands in the country. It was the center of the organization known as the "Order of American Knights." The entire disloyal element of Missouri had, in secret conclave, combined and pledged themselves by terrible oaths to bushwhacking, murder, and bloody revolution at the ballot-box. The sturdy loyalists of North Missouri rallied around General Fisk and nobly sustained him in his difficult work. The invasion of the State by Price in September summoned the General with his scattered forces to the defense of the State capital, and with one-third the number of Price's troops he successfully resisted and defeated him. He remained in command of North Missouri till May, 1865, when he was ordered to duty in the Freedmen's Bureau and assigned to the supervision of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama.

His administration as Assistant Commissioner has been eminently successful. He is thor-

oughly radical in his convictions, yet his heart overflows with kindness toward all men, and it would be impossible for him, constituted as he is, willingly to do injustice to any. If he is severe, his severity is tempered by love. This kindness of his nature was highly appreciated by our lamented President, and in reply to a letter written during the exasperating Missouri conflict among the friends of the Government, he wrote:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Oct. 25, 1863.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK—*My Dear Friend*,—I have received and read your letter of the 20th. It is so full of charity and good-will that I wish I had time to more than thank you for it.

Very truly, your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Now, this marked feature of his character has been of immense advantage to him as Assistant Commissioner. It has inspired confidence and promoted harmony and good feeling in thousands of instances. The freedmen know that he is true to them, that he is their best friend, and they esteem him as second only to Abraham Lincoln; at the same time he enjoys the confidence and shares the esteem of every man who is in earnest to reestablish peace and good-will, and to reorganize society upon a healthy and permanent free basis. With cheerful faith, charity for all, malice for none, and firmness for the right, he is working out the great problem of free labor, and no one here can doubt the result.

As a public speaker the General may be ranked among the very best in the United States. He is perfectly self-possessed, has a ready utterance, a superb voice, fine command of choice language, and is able to place himself *en rapport* with his subject and his audience; moreover, his varied attainments enable him to address a political gathering on the stump or a company of merchants on 'change, a convention of divines or a congregation of convicts, a squad of soldiers or houseful of children, an elite assembly in Cooper Institute or a mass meeting of poor freedmen with equal ease and eloquence.

He is very happy in his addresses to the freedmen. It is really refreshing to hear them exclaiming when he goes out into a new place where the gospel of freedom has never been heard except as it has been thundered forth by loud-mouthed cannon, "O, bress God, Ginerel Fisk has come! That 's him!" "We 'll hear the truth now." "He 'll tell us what to do." And he does tell them, and while he speaks in his kindly way they devour every word, and their large liquid eyes are never for a moment

removed from him. I have seen four or five thousand of these "wards of the nation" crowded around the General's stand in a compact mass listening to his words, and a more interesting and in some aspects affecting spectacle I have never witnessed.

By the way, some very ludicrous incidents have occurred at these public meetings, one of which must be related. Last Summer the General addressed the freedmen at Edgeseid, near Nashville, where a school-house had been burned by the enemies of "nigger schools." He spoke in his usual vein, and greatly to the edification of his colored auditors. In the crowd was an old colored Baptist minister, whose head was white with the frosts of eighty Winters. Upon hearing the blessed words which fell from the General's lips he became very happy, and, like old Simeon, exclaimed that he was now ready to depart in peace. Grasping the General's hand at the close of the address, he said, "Gineral, you is a Baptist, fur no man can talk like dat, 'cept he been washed all over in Jordan!" The General was delighted, for he has a keen perception of the ridiculous. The old minister, becoming confidential, hinted that the Methodist minister of the village was not much, and added, "De Methodists, Ginerel, are a low set. You know they are. They came from Wesley, and he a outcast, and you may look the Bible clar through and not find Wesley; but you find Baptists, John the Baptist, and the Baptists come from him. Yes, Ginerel," he repeated as he gave his hand another squeeze, "*these Methodists are a low set.*"

The General was blessed with one of the best of mothers. Her Christian teachings have been the ground-work of his success. From his boyhood he has been among the foremost in good works. He is one of the most zealous Sunday school men in the country, and often states that he was reduced from the rank of a Sunday school superintendent to wear the uniform of a general officer. He carried his religious life into the army, and his voice was heard in camp, and fortress, and hospital in prayer, sacred song, and exhortation. By the cot of the dying soldier he was often found with words of hope and consolation.

He was one of the originators of the United States Christian Commission for the Army and Navy, and contributed largely to the success of that magnificent charity. His head-quarters were always well stocked with the Scriptures, hymn-books, and religious newspapers, and a card was prominently posted there—"SWEAR NOT AT ALL." *Attention is called to the 3d commandment and the 3d Article of War.*"

The General tells an interesting swearing incident. When he was organizing his famous Thirty-Third Missouri Infantry Volunteer Regiment at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of conducting religious meetings with them on the Sabbath in the great amphitheater of the St. Louis fair grounds. These meetings were of great interest. Thousands of citizens of the city were regularly in attendance to join in the services, and some one of the loyal clergymen were present each Sabbath to preach. One Sabbath Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church, was preaching earnestly upon the necessity of a pure life, exhorting the men to beware of the vices incident to the camp, and he especially warned them against profanity. The Doctor related the incident of the Commodore who, whenever a recruit reported to his vessel for duty, was in the habit of entering into an agreement with them that he should do all the swearing for that vessel; and the Doctor appealed to the thousand Missouri soldiers in Colonel Fisk's regiment to enter into a solemn covenant that day with the Colonel that he should do all the swearing for the Thirty-Third Missouri. The regiment arose to their feet as one man and entered into the covenant. It was a grand spectacle. In relating this incident in the hall of the House of Representatives in January, 1865, in the presence of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, the General stated that "soldiers, like government contractors and members of Congress, sometimes made pledges that were broken." For several months no profane word was heard in his regiment. But one evening as he sat in front of his head-quarters at Helena, Arkansas, he heard some one down in the bottom lands near the river swearing in the most approved Flandersian style. On taking observation he discovered that the swearer was a teamster from his own head-quarters, a member of his own covenanting regiment, and a confidential old friend. He was hauling a heavy load of forage from the depot to camp, his six mules had become rebellious with their overload, had run the wagon against a stump and snapped off the pole. The teamster opened his great batteries of wrath and profanity against the mules, the wagon, the Arkansas mud, the rebels, and Jeff Davis. In the course of an hour afterward, as the teamster was passing the General's head-quarters, the General called to him and said, "John, did I not hear some one swearing most terribly an hour ago down on the bottom?"

"I think you did, General."

"Do you know who it was?"

"Yes, sir; it was me, General."

"Do you not remember the covenant entered into at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, with Rev. Dr. Nelson that I should do all the swearing for our old regiment?"

"To be sure I do, General," said John; "but then you were not there to do it, and it had to be done then!"

The incident passed from camp to camp and out into the wide world as one of the humorous incidents of the war.

Nature has enriched the General with a ready wit, a most excellent fancy, a keen perception of the ridiculous side of things, and above all great good humor. There is nothing sour or morbid in his composition. He is fond of a good joke, and sometimes indulges in grim humor. A very fashionably-dressed lady approached him one day with a verbal petition in relation to the restoration of some property. He suggested that she should put her request in writing, and offered her desk, pen, and paper. She declined using them, as she could not write. The General pointed to a colored clerk, a detailed soldier of the Ninth Heavy Artillery, who would write it for her; and after sundry contemptuous looks, she sat down by him and he wrote out her petition in excellent style. The General enjoyed the joke hugely. A few days since he organized in Nashville a benevolent association among the colored people, and as he was drafting the constitution his love for a joke could not be restrained, and he wrote that the object of the association should be to provide for the poor *without distinction of color!* Some days since he was telegraphed from Washington to know whether there was any danger of an insurrection in the South-West. His reply was, "No, not of the negroes."

Very soon after he entered upon duty as an Assistant Commissioner his head-quarters at Nashville were crowded with refugees and freedmen seeking aid and information. About this time a North Alabama refugee woman, one of the lowest order of "white trash"—a dirty, slouchy, snuff-dipping, tobacco-chewing, negro-hating specimen—presented herself at the General's desk, and in Sand Mountain dialect addressed him: "Be you Ginerel Fisk?"

"Yes, madam, I am General Fisk. What can I do for you?"

"Wall, Ginerel, I want to git transfurtation to Alabam. You see, I and my old man and seven children was tore up and drug out by rebs and Yanks both, and we bin refugeeing up in Indiany two years. We hearn tell that you all was going to give the refugees the farms of the old secesh, and we all wants 'em."

The General was not prepossessed with the fugitive feminine, especially as she indulged in many profane words, and as he was giving a negative reply to her importunities, a neatly-clad and genteel colored woman made her appearance and requested a word or two with General Fisk. She was kindly told to proceed. Her story was one of wrong done to her child. A daughter had been spirited away from Nashville by the former postmaster of the city and sold down in Georgia, after she had been made free by the act of Congress. She came to petition for aid in bringing her daughter back to her home again. The General treated the anxious mother with kind attention, and made such orders on the spot as ultimately restored mother and child in one household. The colored woman courteously expressed her gratitude and withdrew. The Sand Mountain feminine meanwhile, boiling over with wrath because the colored woman had received so much attention, broke out:

"General Fisk, be you an abolitionist?"

"Yes, madam, *I be*."

"Well now, General, you don't believe in nigger equality, do you? I am sure you ain't as bad as that."

"Madam, I do not think you need have the least uneasiness in the world on the question of equality, for you certainly will have to learn a great deal more than you now know, and will have to conduct yourself in a much better manner before *you* become the equal of that good colored woman who just left the office."

The Sand Mountaineeress took a fresh dip of snuff and hurried out of the presence of the General with some very emphatic condemnations of the "Nigger Bureau."

The General became a Christian in his childhood, and can remember no period of his life when he did not love Jesus, and he is one of the very best specimens of a Methodist layman extant. Calm, earnest, large-hearted, liberal, ever ready to speak and to do, he commands the respect and confidence of all. To his perseverance, determination, and unswerving loyalty to his God and country, the Union Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Louis owes much of its early prosperity.

Not less in her sphere is the gratitude of the country due to the noble wife of the General than to himself. In and out of season, through storm and sun, she has been the devoted friend of the soldier. Her name is embalmed in the memory of thousands of our brave men in the North-West. Many also have gone to their last sleep with her benedictions of love upon their dying moments.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

NUMBER III.

EDITORIAL.

THE APOSTLES.

THE four men to whom we are disposed to give the appellation of apostles in their historical connection with American Methodism, are Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, and M'Kendree. The first, as the immediate connecting link between Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as a man of extraordinary zeal and devotion, and of abundant labor, unsurpassed by even Mr. Wesley himself, and of great usefulness in the organization of the Church, well merits this title. The second, as approaching as nearly as any man in Christian history to the abundance of labors, the extended travels, the repeated perils, the wise counsels, and the holy zeal of St. Paul, may well wear, in the accommodated sense in which we now use it, this honor of apostleship. The third, as the last of Mr. Wesley's representatives, as the co-laborer of Asbury, as a most saintly man, a faithful soldier of Christ, and untiring laborer in laying the foundations of the Church, merits this honorable association. The fourth was the first native American Bishop, the connecting link between the East and the West, a proper representative of the ever-aggressive spirit of Methodism, on whom fell the mantles of both Asbury and Whatcoat, and who for some time bore upon himself alone the weight of all the Churches. Surely we may place M'Kendree in the honorable rank of an apostle of Methodism.

It is impossible, in our brief space, to give even an outline of the lives and labors of these men, and this is not our intention. We purpose rather to glance at their relation to the origin and organization of the Church. As the first Bishops or Superintendents, mighty in counsel and powerful in influence, to them especially are we indebted for the incorporation and preservation of the peculiar institutions and doctrines of Methodism in the organization of the American Church. The first three of them being immediate disciples of Wesley himself, well indoctrinated in his theology and experienced in his usages, and profoundly in love with Methodism, as they believed it to have providentially developed itself under Mr. Wesley, were the bearers of the same system to America, and the conservators of pure Methodism in the trying periods of organizing the new Church. True and inflexible themselves, and yet wise enough to see the modifications required by the new circumstances, they on the

one hand gave us a genuine Methodism, and on the other, with eminent wisdom adapted its mechanism to the wants of the New World. Their labors extending from the arrival of Asbury in 1771 to the death of M'Kendree in 1835, a period of sixty-four years, they were able to stamp their impress permanently on the Church, and lived long enough to see the great establishment they had organized working with smoothness, solidity, and every promise of permanence.

In 1771, in response to another urgent call from America, Mr. Wesley appointed Francis Asbury, then a young man about twenty-six years of age. He had been in the traveling ministry only about five years, but had previously been a local preacher for nearly five years, having begun to preach when not yet eighteen. He was an extraordinary youth, early maturing in mind and in religious experience, and evidently chosen of God for a great work in the history of his Church. He arrived in America in the Autumn of 1771. There were then about six hundred Methodists in the Colonies, and about ten preachers, nearly all of them Wesley's missionaries, or men of English origin. Boardman was then in charge of the infant work and arranged the plan of appointments. No Conference had yet been held. In the Autumn of 1772, while Asbury was laboring in and around New York, he received a letter from Wesley appointing him "Assistant" or Superintendent of the American societies. For a short time he took charge of all the societies and the appointments of the preachers, subject to the authority of Mr. Wesley. Difficulties soon arose in the administration, and there is reason to believe Mr. Asbury asked to be relieved by a successor. On the first of June, 1773, Thomas Rankin arrived, clothed with the authority of "General Assistant for the American Societies," being Mr. Asbury's senior in the itinerancy, and an experienced disciplinarian.

The first Conference, Rankin in the chair, began its session in Philadelphia on the 16th of April, 1773. There were ten members, all Europeans. The aggregate returns of the membership were 1,160. Grave irregularities and serious difficulties had already risen in the young Church. Rankin, though somewhat blamed for sternness, was equal to the occasion, and with the excellent assistance of Asbury, corrected the irregularities and reduced the organization of the American societies to Wesley's model. Mr. Rankin continued to act as the Representative or "Assistant" of Mr. Wesley till he left the country in 1777. He did not well under-

stand the Colonial life and spirit of America, a spirit which of course also profoundly affected the life of the Church; he reduced many irregularities to order and postponed many threatening difficulties, but did so with an iron purpose and offensive rigidity. He failed also to understand and appreciate Mr. Asbury, and even went so far as to request Mr. Wesley, in 1775, to recall Asbury. By a good providence the letters ordering him home did not reach Mr. Asbury, or as a dutiful son in the Gospel he would doubtless have obeyed, and the mighty man would have been lost to American Methodism. Mr. Asbury honorably passed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution, and stood true to the Church, and to the country too, although exposed to constant suspicion and danger. Mr. Wesley saw that he had erred in recalling him, and soon after the departure of Rankin again appointed him "General Assistant." From this time till the organization of the Church, six years later, Asbury acted as the representative of Wesley, traveling throughout the connection, meeting the Conferences, appointing the preachers, and disposing of questions of discipline.

Till 1773 no Annual Conference had been held; from that time till the organization of the Church nineteen sessions were held; sometimes two in a single year, and in one year three. These sessions were considered adjourned meetings, held at different places for the convenience of the scattered itinerants. In 1784, eighteen years after Mr. Embury's first sermon in America, the membership of the societies was 14,988, of which 1,607 were in the Northern States, 13,381 in the Southern. There were 84 itinerant preachers, and 46 circuits; there were scores of local preachers, hundreds of class-leaders and exhorters; there were chapels in most of the principal communities of the United States, and in many of the rural towns; and yet, properly speaking, there was no Church. There were societies of Christians pure in life and fervent in spirit, linked together by certain peculiarities in the distribution of the preachers and certain peculiarities in the prominence which they gave to some important doctrines; they met in chapels and other places to worship and hear the Word of God, but they had no sacraments. Their converts, in most places, were received into the societies without baptism, and the children of Methodist families were growing up without that holy rite, except in the comparatively few cases which received the ordinances through the brief action of the measures adopted by the Fluvanna Conference in 1779. "It was a Church without a sacra-

mental altar, though as pure and valid as any other on the American continent."

The want of the ordinances was creating dissatisfaction, manifesting itself more and more at each succeeding Conference. At the Conference of 1779 a majority of the American itinerants, representing a majority of the circuits and people, attempted to provide the sacraments by irregular measures, which produced a temporary rupture, only healed by a further compromise in 1780, procuring a delay till the counsel of Mr. Wesley could be obtained. Mr. Wesley was convinced that something must be done to relieve the suffering societies, even if it should require extraordinary measures. What was wanting was an ordained ministry for America. How to get it was the question to be solved.

Mr. Wesley, like many other clergymen of the Church of England, had long since given up the conceit of apostolic succession, and had long believed in the validity of presbyterial ordination; yet in view of his connection with the Establishment, and wishing to avoid any seeming "irregularity," he wrote an earnest and touching letter to Lowth, Bishop of London, entreating the ordination of at least one presbyter to administer the sacraments among the American Methodists. The Bishop declined his request. Mr. Wesley, equal to the emergency, as he had been to a thousand before, determined to do what was necessary to be done, solemnly acting under the necessity of the case in the fear and for the glory of God. On the first day of September, 1784, assisted by two presbyters of the Established Church, James Creighton and Thomas Coke, Mr. Wesley, himself also a presbyter of the Church, ordained Thomas Vasey and Richard Whatcoat deacons, and on the next day ordained them elders or presbyters. On the latter day he also ordained Thomas Coke Superintendent or Bishop of the Methodist societies in America.

Thomas Coke was born in 1747 at Brecon in Wales. The only child of a wealthy house, he was educated for one of the learned professions, and for himself early chose the Church. Soon after entering upon his ministerial labors he came in contact with the Methodists. Their earnest religion and his warm nature were congruous, and soon he was a Methodist, admonished by his Bishop, dismissed by his rector, menaced by the mobs of his own parishioners, "chimed" out of his Church, and at last compelled to abandon his parish. He immediately found refuge in the Wesleyan Conference, and became the friend, counselor, and coadjutor of Wesley himself, received at once into delightful fellowship with Wesley, his brother Charles, and the

sainted Fletcher. A learned, wealthy, holy, practical, energetic, even enthusiastic man, he was evidently the child of Providence to meet most opportunely the coming wants of Methodism. "He was to traverse continually the United Kingdom, the United States, and the West Indies. He was to have virtual charge, for years, of the Irish Conference, presiding at its sessions oftener than Wesley himself. He was to win the title of the 'Foreign Minister of Methodism.' He was to cross the Atlantic eighteen times, defraying his own expenses; to organize, under Wesley, the Methodist Episcopal Church, as its first Bishop; to originate the constitutional organization of English Methodism by Wesley's Deed of Declaration; to found the Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies, in Africa, in Asia, in England, in Wales, and Ireland; to represent, in his own person, down to his death, the whole missionary operations of Methodism, as their official and almost their sole director; lavishing upon them his affluent fortune, and giving more money to religion than any other Methodist, if not any other Protestant of his times. Dying at last, a veteran of nearly seventy years, a missionary himself, on his way to the East, he was to be buried beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean, 'the greatest man of the last century in labors and services as a minister of Christ.'"—*Stevens*.

On the 18th of September, 1784, in two weeks from the time of his consecration for the work, he embarked for his great mission, accompanied by Vasey and Whatcoat. On the 3d of November they landed at New York, and after spending only a few days in the city, started on their journey southward in search of Asbury. On the 14th of November the two great men met at the famous Barrett's Chapel. Dr. Coke was in the pulpit, "a man of small stature, ruddy complexion, brilliant eyes, feminine but musical voice, and gowned as an English clergyman." Asbury ascended the pulpit and embraced and kissed him before the whole assembly. Preliminary arrangements were made for holding an early session of Conference, and Freeborn Garrettson was sent off to scatter the message in every direction, calling the preachers together at Baltimore on Christmas eve. Dr. Coke in the mean time made a tour of about a thousand miles, preaching and consulting with the itinerants and the people.

On Friday, December 24th, 1784, began the first "General Conference," in Lovely Lane Chapel, in Baltimore, sixty itinerants being present, and Dr. Coke occupying the chair. A letter from Mr. Wesley was laid before the Conference, detailing his proceedings in the case

of Dr. Coke and his associates, and making suggestions with reference to the organization of the Church, and especially recommending Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury as Superintendents. In accordance with these suggestions it was agreed "to form themselves into a Methodist Episcopal Church, and to have superintendents, elders, and deacons." Mr. Asbury declining ordination, unless in addition to the appointment by Mr. Wesley his brethren should formally elect him, he and Dr. Coke were unanimously elected Superintendents.

On the second day of the session Asbury was ordained a deacon by Dr. Coke, assisted by Vasey and Whatcoat. On Sunday they ordained him elder, and on Monday he was consecrated Superintendent, the holy and catholic Otterbein, of the German Church, assisting in the rite. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were spent in enacting rules of discipline and the election of preachers to orders. On Friday several deacons were ordained; on Sunday twelve elders and one deacon were ordained, "and the Conference ended in great peace and unanimity."

Thus was organized the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. It was no longer simply an aggregate of scattered societies, it was a Church, thoroughly furnished with the offices, sacraments, and institutions pertaining to an evangelical Church of our Lord and Savior, and providentially adapted to the wants and circumstances of the New World.

It is impossible for us here to enter into the study of the organization then effected, or to pursue the labors of these two great apostles and Bishops of the young Church through the years of unparalleled toil and devotion which they gave to its forming history. The planting of Methodism during their own lifetime in every State of the Union, in remote territories then unorganized into States, in Canada, Nova Scotia, and the West Indies; the organization of nine Annual Conferences, each covering a territory now occupied by four, five, or six Conferences, and divided into circuits, many of them larger than whole Conferences at present; the growth of the Church into a membership of 214,235 with 695 itinerant preachers, and the continued efficiency and unparalleled success of the Church since they passed away, are sufficient monuments to the indefatigable labors and unwearied zeal of these mighty men, and sufficient proof of the wonderful efficiency and adaptedness of the Church which, through the blessing of God, their genius organized.

Till the year 1800 Dr. Coke, although frequently itinerating between America and Eu-

rope, taking quite as large a share in the developing history of English Methodism, as in the planting and training of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave efficient coöperation to Mr. Asbury in the general superintendency. At that time, on account of the frequent absences of Dr. Coke and also the infirm health of Bishop Asbury, it was found necessary "to strengthen the Episcopacy." Richard Whatcoat was elected Bishop, having four votes over Jesse Lee. On Sunday, the 18th of May, 1800, the ordination sermon was preached by Dr. Coke, and Mr. Whatcoat was ordained a Bishop in the Church of God by Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury, assisted by several elders. "Never," says father Boehm, "were holy hands laid upon a holier head."

Richard Whatcoat was born of pious parents on the 23d of February, 1736, in the parish of Quinton, Gloucestershire, England. At the age of twenty-one he was converted and became a Methodist. In 1769 he was received into the traveling connection by the same Conference which sent Boardman and Pilmoor to America. He traveled two years in England, and then was sent to Ireland, and in two years more was sent into Wales. He was selected by Mr. Wesley, along with Thomas Vasey, to be ordained and sent to America with Dr. Coke. Arriving in this country he humbly took his place as a regular itinerant, frequently traveling over a vast territory in company with Bishop Asbury. But he had done the most of his work before he was ordained Bishop, being permitted to occupy this office only about six years.

On the 5th of July, 1806, he gave his soul to God and his body to the dust. Seldom has the Church lost a brighter ornament, seldom heaven received a purer spirit. He was one of the sainted men in our early history. "In him were seen majesty and love. His whole deportment was beautiful, and adorned with personal graces. His amiable, heavenly, and courteous carriage was such as to make him the delight of his acquaintances." (Lednum.) "As a man," says father Boehm, who knew him well, "he was most remarkable, for in him was blended a dignity that commanded reverence, and a humility and sweetness that inspired affection. The benignity that shone in his countenance revealed the character of the inner man. He loved every body, and all loved him in return. A holier man has not lived since the days of the seraphic Fletcher, whom in some respects he strikingly resembled."

The death of Bishop Whatcoat left the care of all the Churches again resting on Bishop

Asbury. The General Conference of 1808 attempted to relieve him, and elected William M'Kendree to the office and work of a bishop, and on the 18th of May he was consecrated by Bishop Asbury, assisted by such mighty men as Garrettson, Bruce, Lee, and Ware. Mr. M'Kendree, as we have said, was our first native American Bishop, and, indeed, an American patriot; for he entered into the Revolutionary army, and attained the rank of adjutant. He was born in King William county, Virginia, July 6, 1757. In 1787 he became a Methodist, and very soon gave himself to the Virginia Conference. He filled various appointments as preacher and presiding elder in the Virginia, South Carolina, and Baltimore Conferences, till the year 1800, when he was transferred to the Kentucky district of the Western Conference, to take the place of the eloquent but failing Poythress.

The famous old Western Conference was regularly organized in 1796, embracing then the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; but it advanced its outposts as the settlements extended, and soon embraced Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Western Virginia, Western North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. In this same territory we now have not less than thirty Annual Conferences, exclusive of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. It originally had two districts, one for Kentucky and one for Tennessee. In 1799 the two were united and Poythress was the presiding elder. To this district, embracing more than two whole States, Mr. M'Kendree was appointed. The Conference for that year, 1800, was held in the Bethel Academy, in Kentucky. There were present eight preachers, beside the two Bishops. The membership within the bounds of the Conference was less than 3,000. Eight years afterward, when M'Kendree was made Bishop, the membership had grown to 15,000; the two districts had increased to ten; the seventeen laborers had multiplied to one hundred; and the fourteen circuits had become seventy-one. After such a report it is scarcely necessary to say that a leader of such activity, energy, and success was worthy of the mantle of Whatcoat, and of association with Asbury in leading on the conquering hosts of Methodism.

For eight years he was the equal of Asbury in travels and labors; and in 1816 caught the falling mantle of the dying hero and bore it up alone till George and Roberts were elected to share the responsibilities of the Episcopacy with him. He continued to render full and efficient service till 1824, and for ten years

more survived to give the benefit of his counsels to the Church, and actual service, indeed, equal to that of most efficient men at the present day. Then on the 5th of March, 1835, full of honors and full of hope, he passed away, bequeathing to the Church that anthem of triumph which has thrilled millions of hearts, "ALL IS WELL."

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

OVER the river they're waiting—
The loved ones I have known;
Thinking on me with pity
As I walk on the earth alone,
And of all the pain and sorrow
Of a soul not understood,
But which found the low, base impulse
Where it thought to find the good.

Over the river they're waiting—
The mystic river of Death,
And I shrink from its chilling waters,
Which stifle the shortened breath;
And I fear the surging billows,
So black and grim they roll,
That they chill, like a reeling iceberg,
My weary, fainting soul.

Over the river—I see her—
The mother of long ago,
Who left me, a tiny maiden,
With heart as cold as snow!
O mother! the weary longing
To hear thy voice once more,
But only the faintest murmur
Can reach me from that shore.

Over the river, my darling,
My blue-eyed angel girl,
I can see in a sun-bright halo
Each clustering, golden curl.
O, a little more of waiting
And your mother will be there,
To help you tune your harp-strings
And smooth your radiant hair!

Over the river, my father,
I shall see you once again,
Where your love, on earth unuttered,
Shall flow like Summer rain.
O, I know I never knew you!
For your feelings still were pent,
But over that rolling river
The prisoned soul has vent.

Over the river—I'll know them—
I'm sure it will be so,
For heaven would not be heaven
Without love's golden glow.
And there in that blissful Eden,
Never to part again,
Our loves shall not be smothered—
Our hopes shall not be vain!

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

IT is unnecessary to state that this is the most noteworthy street of the city of Berlin, since, by name, it is not only well known over Europe but also over America. It is the general promenade street for all, is the most full of life and activity; and yet one can walk therein and feel more alone, more unobserved, can see and not be seen, more than almost any where else within the business limits of the city. This is because of its many divisions and of its width, it being near one hundred and seventy-five feet wide. It derives its name from a double row of linden-trees on either side, making four rows in all. Between the buildings and first row of trees there is a broad plaster pavement and a stone-paved carriage-road; between the first two rows another carriage-road, probably earlier designed for horsemen especially, and the cavalry practicing daily yet choose this passage; then comes in the center the very broad promenade for footmen, which is provided with frequent seats, where one can rest if weary, or sit and watch the people. At convenient intervals there are stands where one can buy refreshments or walking-sticks; these seem to be considered merchandise appropriate for the needs of the place.

The finest hotels are mostly found on this street, and the most extensive mercantile establishments display their elegant silks, cloaks, shawls, and furs, or massive gold and silver plate—all, perhaps, as fine as in the world—through crystal-clear glass windows, which go nearly to the pavement. There are also numerous picture and statuary shops, whose windows are very attractive, and offer fine opportunities for studying art. On wintery mornings, if the street is the least icy, it will be found sprinkled with a beautiful yellow sand, so that it is safe to promenade here at all hours; and there is no time in the day when it does not seem full of life and activity. It was a favorite retreat, as one may say, of Baron von Humboldt, and, doubtless, of the many other renowned thinkers and philosophers who have lived and died in this city, and whose imaginary forms with thoughtful and measured tread still appear hither and thither through the lindens. The trees extend along a space of about thirteen hundred feet, but the street reaches from the Brandenburg Gate on the west to the Palace Bridge on the east, then opens out into what is called the Pleasure Garden—an open square

before the royal palace. The view through this street, terminated by this gate, says one author, "is not much surpassed, if at all, by the celebrated view of the *Quai de Louvre*, in Paris."

BRANDENBURG GATE.

Between the western end of the lindens and this gate lies Paris Square; and this distance between us and it is needed in order to survey it to advantage. It is said by some to be the first specimen of architecture in the city, and probably the most magnificent portal in Europe. It was built between 1780 and 1790, in imitation of the Propylæum at Athens, though very much larger, its length being nearly two hundred feet, and its height, to the top of the pediment, about sixty-five feet. The pediment is supported by a double colonnade, formed by twelve Doric columns forty-four feet high and nearly six in diameter, with five entrances between them, the central of which has a heavy iron gate eighteen feet high. There are structures on either side, which might be called wings, whose roofs are supported by eighteen columns, only a little over half as high as the larger one. On the front of the pediment are *bassi relievi*, representing daring deeds of some hero, and beneath these sculptures representing the conflict between the Centaurs and Lapithæ. On the top of the pediment stands a car of victory drawn by four horses abreast, twelve feet high, and in the chariot stands the Goddess of Victory, bearing an eagle and an iron cross, the whole in bronze. The group is nearly twenty feet high. In 1806 it was taken, by order of Napoleon, to Paris, but after the battle of Waterloo the conquering Prussians brought it back, gave it its former position, and added the eagle and iron cross. One experiences a strange sensation when first standing before this portal and seeing high in the air this imposing figure, and the four so life-like, fiery steeds, as it were, so rapidly approaching.

EDIFICES AND MONUMENTS.

As we start from this gate to walk through the street toward the east, we have at our right the palaces of two counts, and a little further on that of the Russian ambassador, all of which are handsome, but not more so than many others owned by private individuals. At our left is a beautiful structure—the school of the artillery and engineers. Passing down through the center slowly, studying people and architecture till about to the end of the lindens, we are weary, and sit down on the last of the

seats under the trees in full view of the immense Royal Academy, the University, the king's palace opposite, and immediately before us, in the center, the bronze monument of Frederick the Great, erected in 1851, "probably the grandest monument in Europe." It was modeled by the renowned sculptor Rauch, many of whose works adorn the city, and whose statue stands in the Museum. It consists of a pedestal twenty-four feet high, surmounted by an equestrian statue, which is eighteen feet high. Frederick is said to be equipped in his usual costume, modeled after relics still preserved, with the exception of an ermine mantle, which the sculptor considered necessary to the dignity of a figure when placed so high. The pedestal is composed of three divisions, the lower of polished granite, and inscribed with the names of eighty eminent men and soldiers of Frederick's time. The second contains on its sides the inscription and the life-size portrait figures of thirty-one of Frederick's favorites, both military and literary, with the names inscribed under each. Prominent among them stand Lessing and Kant, the latter with his impressive forefinger before the face of the former, as if measuring out philosophy sentence by sentence, while Lessing wears an expression duly attentive, as if weighing them with equal deliberation. The portraits and costumes are said to be very true to life, which makes the monument of great value, historically. On each of the four corners of this division stands a horse and his rider, the riders being the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Generals Seydlitz and Ziethen. Above these, on the third division, are female figures representing four cardinal virtues—Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. Between these are reliefs, emblematic of the education and career of the king. About the whole there is so much to attract the attention not only of judges and critics of such works of art, but of the uncultivated in this respect, and even of the ignorant in all respects, that one may safely say that there are very few minutes of the day when some eye is not giving it undivided attention, when some foot is not pacing slowly around its base.

The Academy of Arts is not particularly remarkable in outward appearance. The university, earlier a palace, is an immense structure with two side-wings, which, with the high iron fence, inclose a large open court. On the top of the building, along the front, stand fourteen statues. The king's palace is not particularly distinguishable from other palaces, all of which may be known by the two soldiers

who patrol before them night and day. Next on the right, and joined to the palace, is the Royal Library, facing the Opera Square. This has a curiously-shaped front, said to be owing to a freak of Frederick II, who showed the architect a peculiarly-shaped bureau as a pattern to build after. This building has not less than eighteen large statues along its front. Looking across this square we see the Catholic St. Hedwig's Church, built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. In the square, but against the street, stands the Opera-House, also intended to resemble a famous pattern—the Parthenon at Athens. It is nearly three hundred feet long, presents a range of handsome, fluted Corinthian columns, and is capable of accommodating about three thousand spectators. To the right of this stand three bronze statues of the Generals York, Gneisenau, and Blücher, and opposite to these, to our left, is the Royal Watch House, with the statues of Bülow and Scharnhorst, in marble, at the sides. These five statues are all works of Rauch. Here one may spend some time pleasantly in studying out the meaning of the reliefs.

Passing on but a few steps, we have at our right the beautiful palace of the Crown Prince, once occupied by the King, Wilhelm III, as Crown Prince, and a hundred years earlier by Frederick II. At our left stands the Arsenal, of which a French author says: "This structure is of a beauty so complete that it is pretended that no fault can be found in its architecture." It is a square building of two hundred and eighty feet to a side. Over the main portal is a bust of Frederick I.

Now we are at the Palace Bridge, on either side of which stand four marble statues on pedestals, on the front of each of which we find the Prussian eagle. The statues, each a group of two over life size, represent a youth under the culture and protection of the Goddesses Minerva and Victory, while he applies himself to the use of arms, goes to conflict, conquers, is crowned, gets wounded, and till Iris bears the fallen conqueror away to Olympus.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN.

Here ends Unter den Linden; but when one has gone thus far there seems to be no stopping place till the walk around the great open square, from which branch off many streets, is accomplished. Here stands first the old Royal Palace, which from its age—founded in 1689—from its enormity—474 by 284 feet—and from its dark bluish color, assists one wonderfully toward a belief that once prevailed; namely, that it was haunted by a ghost called the

White Lady, who appeared only to announce the death of some member of the royal family. It is composed of four courts, and has five hundred habitable apartments. In an open court stands a large equestrian bronze statue of St. George in conflict with the Dragon, and at either side of one of the portals facing the square stands another bronze group, the Horse-Tamers, which were presented by Nicholas of Russia. At a little distance from here is the *Dom*, and a little farther around the square the renowned Museum. This is one of the achievements of the great architect Schinkel, whose statue stands within. It is over two hundred feet long. The whole front, behind which is a vestibule, is supported by eighteen beautiful Ionic columns, above each of which on the top sits the eagle with outspread wings. On the four corners stand Genii, and on the corners of the roof of the rotunda, which rises higher at the center, stand copies, in iron, of the Horse-Tamers of Monte Cavallo, in Rome. At the right and left of the broad flight of steps leading up to the vestibule are equestrian bronze groups, the one of an Amazon in conflict with a panther, the other of a youth with a lion. Both are near fourteen feet high, and cost about fifty thousand dollars.

Directly in front of the building, and but a few yards distant, stands a colossal granite basin, twenty-two feet in diameter, and of some seventy-five tons in weight. It was cut from a famous stone, which a few years ago lay some thirty miles from Berlin, but was brought here on the River Spree, and highly polished by means of steam. In the midst of the square, which is planted with trees, is a broad fountain surrounded by seats, in which the water, springing up through a lotus plant, plays in the air and sunshine, making a spray and mist for the manufacture of rainbows and a delicious freshness in the air during the Summer months. From here, having seen enough for one day, it already being dusk, we are ready to turn our steps homeward, and as we again step upon the bridge what a magnificent view does Unter den Linden present by night, with its six rows of lamps, besides the many with their reflectors, in the gorgeously-adorned windows! A forest of light, of which the effect is magical.

THE mind is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.

JESSIE BOONE.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

HE was a man. He, Albert Fenton, or "Bertie Fenton," as we who claimed him for a friend loved to call him, our minister, was a true, strong, earnest man, who felt and demonstrated by his daily life that the crowning glory of a noble manhood is a pure, sincere, Christian character. He was a man whom to know was to be made to feel continually the holy truth and beauty of those few significant sentences in the latter part of the first chapter of Genesis: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

He was a man who let his light so shine that he exerted an unconscious influence over those around him, and before whom the most profane, the most outbreking, the most heaven-daring sinners in the village were careful of their language and manners. And then, too, he was so gentle, so kind, so forbearing, so patient, so considerate of the feelings of others that he was loved by old and young. And so he went about happy and blessed, doing good and getting good.

She, Jessie Boone, was the wildest, most wayward, most unmanageable little piece of humanity that ever tormented a maiden aunt or turned the heads of half the boys in a village. She was a wicked little sprite, always saying and doing odd things in odd ways, always bringing upon her devoted head the stormy reproofs of the maiden aunt with whom she lived, and always flying for refuge either to me or to the great beech-woods just beyond the village. I can see her now just as she used to come down the road from town with her hat pushed back and hanging by the strings, her short bright curls dancing about her white brow, her deep-blue eyes flashing under the white lids and long brown lashes, her cheeks burning, and her red lips pouting, and I can hear her wild, sweet voice that I always declared had the breezy call of a wild bird's song in its floating up through the maples that threw their shadows over the path that led up to our house from the road—"Lutie, Lutie, open your arms, I'm coming!" O, I can see and hear it all so plainly that I some-

times reach out my arms as I used to do, forgetting that she is sleeping so white and still under the green mantle of the Summer grasses, and the tears will gush from my eyes as I close my arms and find them empty. But I digress.

Jessie was not so very wicked as her aunt thought. She had a loving heart, which none but a loving hand could open or loving words touch. She was a sort of fanciful little body, and loved to wander idly away to the great woods and there dream that she was a bird, picturing to herself the delight of soaring up to the sky that always seemed to smile upon her, or wondering whether the God whose power was so visible in all the works of nature would, as Bertie Fenton said, allow even such wild, naughty girls as herself to approach him and call him "Father." She thought that it would be beautiful to be good if she could be as good as Bertie, for then she would not be so fearful of coming before the throne of God and asking his favor; but she had been taught from her very childhood that she was a dreadful sinner, and that God was terribly angry with her.

So the poor child lived on in her dreaming, fanciful way, with often a sharp longing in her heart for something better and purer, scolded and reprov'd at home, petted and flattered by the gay young people of the village, and caring nothing for any of them. Bertie Fenton was the only one who seemed to thoroughly understand her. True, I was her dearest friend, and she came to me with her joys or troubles, but I always felt that there was something in her nature that I could not understand, and she was always surprising me by her wild fancies and odd ideas. But Bertie seemed to read her very soul. He knew just when to speak seriously and admonishingly and when to be merry and gleeful with her. And she had so much faith in him that she would talk with him as she never did with any one else. All her strange fancies and wild conjectures, all her longings and desires were told to his ever-ready ear and answered by ever-ready arguments or exhortations.

Such was Jessie Boone at seventeen. Sweet, loving, and lovable child! But O, how much more so was she after the great change which came over her!

It was in this way. We were having a blessed revival in the village, and the influence of the Spirit was felt in all hearts. One day Jessie came to me with a troubled face. Her voice as it rang out on the clear, sunlit Winter air in that old, familiar call—"Lutie, Lutie, open your arms, I'm coming!"—did not sound

so merry as usual, and the face which she lifted to mine for my greeting kiss was pale and sad.

"Jessie, you look ill," I said, startled and alarmed as I held her small hand in mine.

"No, I'm not sick; that is, not bodily," she said wearily, as I drew her into the house, and she went over to the stove and sat down upon a low stool with her hands folded together in her lap. It was her favorite position when she felt sad.

"Then you are ill in mind, Jessie."

I drew a chair close beside her and sat down, laying my hand as I spoke upon her bright head. She bowed it a little, but did not answer me, and presently a low sob broke from her lips. I drew her close to my side in a moment, and her head was on my shoulder.

"You will tell me what troubles you, won't you, pet?" I asked.

But she only sobbed on in a pitiful way like a broken-hearted child. I kissed her tenderly many times, and stroked back the short, bright curls, and my voice trembled with pity for my wild bird as I said, "Jessie, you know that I am your true friend. Now, won't you trust me with this that troubles you and let me help you bear it? Please tell me, Jessie, darling."

She lifted her face to mine, all white and tearful.

"O, Lutie, I want to be good! I'm so bad, so wicked! Won't you help me to be good, Lutie?"

It was so like her, so like her artless confidence in me that the words touched me with a sense of my own unworthiness.

"God will help you, Jessie; have you asked him to?"

"O, I'm too bad! Aunt Jane says that God is terribly angry with me, and I'm afraid to ask him. Do you think he will let me love him, Lutie?"

I drew from my pocket a small Testament, and opening it read these words: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Then I paused, and, turning to her, said simply, "Do you believe that, Jessie? Can you take God at his word?"

"Please, Lutie, read that again, won't you?"

She lay back in my arms with her hands clasped and her eyes fastened upon my face while I repeated the words slowly and earnestly. She seemed to long to take the words to her heart, yet feared to, and again she buried her face in her hands.

"Let us pray to God, Jessie," I said at last,

seeing how weak her faith was, and how much she needed God's help.

"Yes, Lutie, but not now, not here. Let us go to the beech-woods, Lutie; may be God will speak to me there."

"Very well, Jessie, we will go."

I tied her warm hood under her chin and wrapped her soft thick shawl about her, and, donning my own cloak and hood, I led her down the maple avenue to the road and away to the beech-woods.

I tried to comfort her as we went along, and talked as well as I could of God's love toward fallen man; but she could not rid her mind of the impressions made in childhood. At last we reached the woods. Here all was peace and quiet. The dry leaves rustled beneath our feet, and the wind sighed softly through the naked tree-tops. We heard the partridge drumming on the bare trunk of some dead tree, the timid rabbit bounded past us, and now and then a squirrel, lured from his nest by the warm sunlight, darted gayly aloft to the top of a neighboring tree and looked saucily down upon us from his secure height. There was a hush in all nature that had a soothing effect upon both our minds.

"O, I love the woods!" whispered Jessie, her heart alive in a moment to the effects of the scenes around us.

"The groves were God's first temples," I said softly.

I saw that she felt it, and prayed that she might in this his temple learn to worship him aright. We walked on a little distance and paused at her favorite seat, a great log beneath a beautiful beech-tree. We sat down upon it, and Jessie folded her hands in her lap and gazed away at the blue sky, and soon the great tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, Lutie, if God would only let me love him!" she said, as she bowed her face in her hands and the sobs broke from her lips.

"He will, Jessie. He says in his Word that he will receive all who come to him. Darling Jessie, he is waiting for you to cast your care upon him, and his promise is that they who seek him early shall find him. Let us ask God to help you to believe, Jessie."

And so, amid the hush and silence of the wild beech-woods, we kneeled down, Jessie and I, and I told God in my weak, childish way all our desires and weaknesses, and asked his guidance. I know not what I said now, but I felt then that God as my Father was very near me.

When we arose from our knees Jessie threw herself into my arms. I told her simply and

earnestly how tenderly God had said that he would love those who loved him, how Jesus all along his weary journey through this world had loved his enemies and had blessed them who cursed him, and how even on the cross he forgave his murderers, and how the soldier's spear opened a cleansing fountain for all mankind. And I told her how God had loved me ever since I had given my heart to him, and how good a Father he had been to me. And then I pointed to the evidences of his love as shown in the works of nature, and led her by every persuasion that I was mistress of to view him as a loving Father and not as an angry judge. She listened eagerly, and by degrees the agony in her face gave place to an expression of hope, then it grew into trust, and by and by the full light of a happy spirit broke over her whole face. For a moment she lay in my arms motionless and with clasped hands; then she threw her arms about my neck, and her joy broke forth in low murmurs of praise, and in sobs and joyful tears.

"O, Lutie! Lutie! I do believe that God loves me. I really do believe that he is my Father. Lutie, I am so happy, so happy!"

And I wept and rejoiced with her, and we felt that the wild wood was a glorious place for us. We went home when the sun was setting in the west.

Jessie turned as we ascended the steps of the veranda and gazed thoughtfully at the glorious sunset. The beautiful halo of light rested like a glory upon her forehead.

"It is more beautiful in heaven," she said softly.

"Yes, Jessie; in heaven all is glory, and there is no need of sun or stars, for God is the light."

"God is the light," she repeated softly. "That is what makes heaven beautiful. It would not be heaven if God were not there."

"Jessie, little sister, have you learned to feel this?"

It was Bertie Fenton who spoke. He had come out of the house unperceived by either of us, and we both turned quickly.

"O, Bertie, I have learned it! I have learned to feel that God is my Father, and O, I am so happy!"

"Thank God, Jessie!"

Bertie spoke fervently, and I knew that he rejoiced with us. We all went into the house, and, sitting there in the dim light of the sunset, Jessie told us all her old fancies and dreamings.

"I shall always love the beech-woods," she said, "for there I first felt that this life is not

the end of man, and there I learned to call God 'Father.' I used to wander away there by myself after auntie had scolded me, and I would sit for hours in the still quiet and hush of the woods listening to the bird-songs and to the low rustling of the leaves that sounded like the flapping of millions of little wings, and I would remember what I had read about all nature praising God, and I would wonder if I was the only ungrateful thing in all the great wood. And then I would wish that I might love God; but I would remember that auntie had told me that I was so very bad, and that God was so terribly angry with me, and I could not love him, for I can not love any body who is angry with me. I want to love because I am loved. And so I lived on all these years, and I wanted to be good and could not because I did n't know how. But this morning, while I was looking at the picture of my dead mother, there came such a great longing into my heart to be good so that I might go to her. I tried to shake off the feeling, and I said to myself, 'I won't be good, for God won't let me.' But the thought would come back, and I felt so sick at heart that I thought I must die, and I felt that if I died then I never could go to mother. So, Lutie, I came over to you, for I would n't tell auntie how wicked I felt. When you read about God's love I thought that may be there was hope for me, but when I tried to believe it seemed as if a great cloud swept between me and the promise held out by the Savior, and I could not grasp it. But when we went out to the woods, and I saw all the old familiar sights and heard all the dear old sounds again, and when you pointed to the works of nature as tokens of his love toward man, when you told me of the wonderful love of Jesus, of his great sacrifice for sinful man, and how he forgave those who tortured him to death, there swept all over my soul such a sense of the love of God that I could only cry out, 'O, God, my Friend, my Father!' And all my doubts vanished, and such a sweet, sweet peace filled my heart! It seemed as if I had got home from a long journey, as if God had opened his arms and taken me, all tired and weak as I was, into the fullness of his love. O, Bertie—Lutie, if this is like heaven, what must the full glory of heaven be!"

We gazed into her earnest face almost in awe; a glory seemed to rest upon her young brow—a glory of heaven, not of earth. We felt that she, our cherished pet, had been very near the Father.

"I thank God with you, Jessie, that you

have learned to feel that he is a loving Father and not always an angry Judge," said Bertie, fervently.

"It is beautiful to love God! O, it is beautiful!" murmured Jessie, as she laid her bright head on my shoulder.

We sat a little while silent and very full of the joy of loving God, and then the bell of the village church called us to the sanctuary, and we went, feeling that God had been very near us that day.

It soon became known that Jessie was converted, and people were curious to see what effect it would have on her. She was just as merry and gladsome as before, but there was a gentle, meek, forbearing, patient spirit in her heart that had not been there before. She was no longer impatient when her aunt found fault with her, and she tried hard to please her. She no longer shunned the bed of sickness and death, but her chief delight was to minister to the afflicted and to comfort the distressed. Bertie often found her in his pastoral visits at the bedside of some sufferer, or reading the Bible to some aged Christian. So she was learning how beautiful it is to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

We were much together, she, and Bertie, and I, and every little word and act of our almost idolized pet was cherished by us, for somehow we felt as if they would soon be all that we should have of her. Bertie used always to call her his little sister, and I know that few brothers love their sisters more tenderly than he loved Jessie. It was beautiful to see her sitting at his feet through the long Winter evenings while he talked of Jesus and heaven, and I in my quiet corner plied the busy needles. O, I love to think of those happy hours when we were so happy and gladsome, for O, the shadow came soon!

Days and weeks passed, and one day in early Spring I went to see Jessie. I found her lying on the lounge asleep. Her cheeks were flushed and her hands were dry and hot. I wakened her gently, and she looked up wildly, and then moaning wearily sank into my arms.

"Jessie, darling, are you ill?" I asked anxiously.

She did not reply, and I called her aunt.

"Jessie is sick," I said hurriedly.

She came forward quickly, and I knew by her anxious face how dearly, in spite of her stern discipline, she loved her niece. A physician was called, but when he came we knew by his grave face that our darling was in danger. "Inflammation of the lungs," was the knell that rang in our ears as night and day

we watched at the bedside of our suffering Jessie.

Long weeks we prayed and waited, hoping against hope, that she might be spared. Bertie came often to see her, and his strong faith in God comforted us. Sometimes Jessie knew us, and said many sweet and precious things to us, and sometimes she was delirious, and would talk of the beech-woods and of the beautiful nights she seemed to see there, and often she talked of Bertie, her dear brother Bertie, and of me and others who had loved her.

So we watched by her, hoping and fearing, till there came a time when, to our inquiries, the good old doctor shook his head and sadly answered; "She is in God's hands; I can do no more. God pity you!"

O, I can not write the agony of that moment and those other moments when we were watching for the angels to bear her away from us!

She bade us good-by lovingly and cheerfully, and then sank back exhausted in my arms. Bertie stood beside her and held her hand, and we held our very breath almost lest we should disturb her.

"Jessie," said Bertie Fenton softly through tears that were an honor to his manhood, "Jessie, little sister, is Jesus near you now?"

She opened her eyes, and a holy light broke over her face.

"O, Bertie—Lutie, all is bright, bright! I see the angels, and—O, there is mother! Open your arms, mother, I'm coming. Lutie, darling, kiss me to sleep, it is getting very dark, and I'm so tired."

Her voice grew very low, and she shrank close to me as if she feared to enter the dark valley after the glimpse which she caught of the brightness in the heavenly city. Soon she opened her eyes again with a smile.

"Hold my hand firmly, Bertie, till I get into the boat so that I shall not fall. I shall soon be over now, for it is not far across. Lutie—Bertie, come soon; I'll meet you when you get to the river. Now, I'm going over—mother, be ready for me—Jesus—O, there's heaven! It is beautiful—beautiful!"

Her voice grew fainter and died away as if she were floating out from the shore. Fainter and fainter it sounded till it ended in a whisper. Her eyes closed peacefully, a faint breath swept my lips as I bent to kiss her, and our beautiful darling had gone from us to the better country.

When the beech-woods were green and the earth had put on her mantle of beauty, and the birds were going up to heaven with the songs they had learned in the arches of the

woods, we laid our darling sadly away in the bosom of the green earth, and Bertie Fenton said above her to comfort our hearts, "'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' She walked with God, and she is not, for God took her. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Bertie and I live in the little parsonage very near to the church-yard, and often we go to Jessie's grave and talk of our darling who has gone before us to the better land. I have laid her picture and a tress of her hair away among my treasures, and now as I sit in the hush of sunset or wander away into the still, cool solitude of the beech-woods, the memory of my lost darling comes back to me, and I rejoice that in the land to which she has gone there is no shadow of pain or sorrow, for the Father is the light of that land, and he wipeth all tears from the eyes of those who behold his face. I rejoice that, although he oftentimes washes our eyes with tears, it is only that we may see more plainly the land where tears come no more.

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall stand sometime by the water cold
And list to the sound of the Boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the Boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

TWO PICTURES.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

Two pictures—one, the negative,
As long as life itself will live,
An offspring of the will.
Time's camera lights and shades will bring;
Our lives will give the coloring,
If either good or ill.

The outlines may be boldly drawn;
The picture fair to look upon—
A soul-entrancing sight.
Yet it may have its hidden parts,
But God, who knoweth human hearts,
Will bring it all to light.

The other one the proof will be
Revealed in vast eternity
Before the Judgment Throne;
And every eye will view it there,
Condemned, or else divinely fair,
Accepted or unknown!

TERESA MESZLENYI KOSSUTH.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM T. COGESHALL.

(CONCLUDED.)

"SOON after I saw by the papers that there was no longer any danger that Lajos should be given up; they even said that he was on his way to London. But I had as yet no letter from him, and no tidings from my children. My kind friend from — visited me, and said that he heard a gentleman had arrived from Widden with letters for me, and that on the morrow he would be at the country seat of Mr. —. I immediately ordered a cart to proceed thither. My friend cautioned me not to go, as this might be an Austrian trap, and the gentleman from Widden an Austrian spy. But I was determined to risk any thing to obtain certain information. The weather was so bad that I had great difficulty to get a driver. I paid my lodgings, took leave of my good hosts, told them that in case I did not return they should keep the things I left in my room as a remembrance, and I went. The driver was in a bad humor. He grumbled about what a folly it was to travel in such weather, and then he cursed the Austrians for the new taxes, and began to talk politics. He said to me, 'We will not obey the King; for he is no king, he is only a German Emperor; he has no right to command in Hungary. He is not even crowned, and, therefore, is a usurper.' 'But, sir,' said I, 'if they find the crown and crown him regularly, what will you do then?' He paused a moment. 'Then the lightning of heaven shall strike him; we won't obey him,' he angrily replied.

"When I arrived at the village, I sent Ellen to the castle to say that I was waiting in the hotel. The gentleman of the manor came hastily in great confusion to me, and said that he had not admitted the messenger from Widden, for he distrusted him. He reproached me that I dared to come to a place strongly watched by the Austrians; he asked whether I desired money, and entreated me to depart immediately. In fact, Austrians were at his table, and he could not stay one moment longer without rousing suspicion equally fatal to himself and to me.

"I wept that my hopes were again defeated; for I had made up my mind to proceed with the messenger to Widden. I had to return again to the kind upholsterer.

"My great object was now to send money and tidings to Lajos, because the Austrian papers

had stated that he had been robbed in Turkey of all he possessed, and that the refugees were starving and ill-treated. I knew, moreover, that there was a report spread, perhaps by my own friends in order to deceive the Austrian police, that I was dead. I did not wish that such tidings should reach Widden, and I, therefore, was willing, in case the papers should mention it, to declare through the press that I was alive. But how to convey a letter to my husband? To get to him myself seemed now impossible. I had no choice of obtaining a passport under an assumed name; for my friends would not venture such an application; they were paralyzed by fear. I looked for assistance to another quarter. I had learned from Ellen that the son of the schoolmaster, an educated young man, had become an apprentice at our upholsterer's. I sent for him. He came up stairs whistling, his cap on his head. He opened the door, but when he beheld me he turned pale and trembled. He had seen me formerly in Pesth, but had little thought Miss Mary and I were the same person. He asked for my commands. I told him that I wished to send him with a letter to Widden. He answered that he could not do it without the consent of his parents; his brother had fallen in battle, and he had promised his bereaved mother not to go into any dangerous enterprise without her knowledge; but he did hope that she would not deny her consent. Next day he returned blushing, and declared that he must decline my commission. His mother had kneeled down before him and entreated him to keep clear from politics. For her sake he had given up the career of learning and had turned upholsterer; he could not resist her wishes, and felt ashamed that he could not serve me. I did not utter a single word, but I was in despair. I had to wait again.

"One evening we heard heavy steps in the street; a detachment of soldiers was coming and stopped before the house. Ellen entreated me to flee, as they were surely to seize me, but I was too tired to attempt any thing for safety. I said apathetically, 'Go down and open the door; I do not conceal myself.' She went down, but soon returned laughing. It was a mistake. The soldiers were not seeking me. In the dark they had taken the upholsterer's house for the town-house. A couple of days after this adventure there was again a great alarm. In the evening two persons knocked violently at the door, and said aloud in German, so that I should hear it, 'Does Miss Mary live here? We have a message for her from Turkey.' I rushed to the door, pushing aside the upholsterer, who

would not admit them. A lady and gentleman entered, and handed me a letter. It was the handwriting of Lajos. My emotion was so sudden that I could not read; I sobbed violently. I was soon apprised that Lajos was to be detained somewhere in Asia, and I declared that I was ready to follow my new friends to join him. Madame W. and Mr. —, who had come from Widden to take me to Turkey, were utterly unknown to me, and they asked me whether I trusted them, and did I not suspect it was the Austrians who had sent them? 'Had all the despots in the world sent you,' answered I, 'you bring me this letter and I follow you.' I now first learned that another letter had previously arrived, but my friends had burnt it that it might not induce me to attempt an escape over the nearest Turkish frontier, where the Austrians were keeping strict watch. It was with the greatest unwillingness that they had revealed my hiding-place to the messengers of my husband, so general was their suspicion. Mrs. W. told me we had no time to lose; she had a passport for Pesth, and as the last steamboat was to go thence in a few days down the Danube, if we did not reach Pesth in time the difficulties would become incalculable. I immediately prepared for departure, and next morning, the first of December, we started in a light, open carriage for the railway. A snow-storm had beat upon us all the way, and my face became sore from the frost. At Szolnok we took seats in a third-class carriage, trembling lest some passenger should recognize me in my disguise. We were surrounded by danger. Several Jews who happened to sit near us mentioned the name of my husband, and spoke of me. In the first-class carriages I remarked at the stoppages several ladies whom I knew. When we arrived at the railway terminus in Pesth, a great crowd was waiting for the train; I held my handkerchief before my face, and Mr. M. requested the policeman, to whom he had handed my passport, not to delay us long, as I had a violent toothache. The policeman let us pass; we took a cab and drove across the Danube to the lodgings of Mrs. W., which she had kept ever since she had set out in search of me upon her arrival from Turkey. It was a small house. The landlady was cooking in the kitchen, through which we had to go to the room. 'Good morning,' she said to Mrs. W., when we arrived, and when she saw me turned red and began to weep, but did not say a word. The wife of a tailor across the street had also recognized me. She told Mrs. W. that her late brother had appeared to her in a dream, saying that the lady of the Governor was at Buda, and

that every body should be punished severely who should betray her; and she believed the vision, as her brother had been a pious priest. Mrs. — gave her ten florins, with the advice to have a mass read for the repose of her brother, that his soul might not haunt her sleep; and she also reminded her that in these hard times it was very dangerous to have such dreams.

"Through the kindness and exertion of Mrs. W. I got further opportunity to send a letter to the prison of my children. But in the mean time Winter set in suddenly. The Danube froze, no steamer could leave Pesth, and we had to go by land, where annoyances and dangers with passports and visitations were unavoidable. With the greatest difficulty I got a passport under an assumed name. My friends were indefatigable, and left no means untried to get it. At last they succeeded. When we started our landlady kissed my hand and said, 'God, the Almighty, bring you back.' Everywhere on the Theiss and on the Danube I found the same feeling among the many. Through snow and cold we reached the fortress of Peterwardein after a tedious journey. We again found the hotel overcrowded, and were shown to the ball-room—the only room unoccupied.

"It was a large hall, dimly lighted by the tallow candle which the waiter put on the table. The door was not locked, and people occasionally peeped in. I recognized an Austrian partisan. He seemed to suspect something wrong and entered the room. Fearing to be recognized I again complained of a violent toothache, hiding my face with my handkerchief; and my companion inquired of the Count if he did not know a dentist in the town, and began to overwhelm him with so many questions that he was annoyed and withdrew. The next morning we proceeded further; but scarcely were we fifteen miles on our way when some soldiers came up to our carriage and stopped it. 'We have orders to escort you to the nearest magistrate,' said the sergeant; 'you have to give up your passports.' 'Why?' asked Mr. —. 'Because you are denounced as traveling under assumed names.' It was a very disagreeable moment, but no choice was left. We arrived in a small borough and were escorted to the town-house. The sergeant went into the court-hall. We had to wait in the ante-room, but in a very few moments were summoned before the magistrate. He stood at his desk in a dignified manner—a stout, jolly, red-faced German gentleman—with our passports in his hand, and in a solemn way he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you are accused of traveling under assumed names. This is a serious charge, and I must

immediately enter upon the inquest; you had better confess your misdemeanor, as I shall easily ascertain the fact." After this preamble he turned toward me and inquired, putting a pair of spectacles on his nose, "What is your name?"

"Mary Smith," I said boldly, with a light courtesy.

"Mary Smith," he repeated emphatically, and looked into the passport. "Mary Smith; why, this is really the name of the passport. Where from?"

"From Pesth."

"Where to?"

"To Semlin."

"For what purpose?"

"To visit friends."

"After every one of my answers he again looked into the passport and said, rather astonished, 'But every thing is correct.'

"After Mrs. W. and Mr. M. had gone through the same process, the magistrate turned to the sergeant and sternly reproached him for having dared to interfere with peaceable travelers, whose passports were entirely regular. He turned toward us and dismissed us, with an apology that he had detained us. The sergeant grumbled and mumbled something about his orders.

"We soon arrived at Semlin. Across the Danube there lay Belgrade—for us the place of safety; but the difficulty of crossing was increased so much more by the quarantine regulations, as our passports were good only for Semlin, and not further. Mr. M., who traveled in the character of a paper manufacturer, went to the police office and requested the gentleman there to grant him permission to visit Belgrade, as he had some business to transact with the printer of the Government paper. After some delay the permission was given. Mr. M. went away, but he returned again to the officer and said that his sister, and her friend who traveled with her, would worry much if he did not take them to the Turkish fortress. They wished to buy samples of the celebrated Turkish dried prunes on the spot. It was an affair of but a few hours; they would leave all their luggage at the office, as they were only going to take a peep at the Turks. His eloquence carried his object. A quarantine officer was sent with us to the river to keep an eye upon us; and in high spirits we hired a boat to carry us over to Serbia. But when we put off the Hungarian bank, deep emotion overcame me. It was my country that I was leaving, perhaps for a long time, perhaps forever, and I wept.

"What is the matter?" asked the quarantine officer.

"She is frightened on the water," said Mrs. W. "Might we not founder here?"

"Nonsense," answered he, and laughed at my cowardice.

"At Belgrade M. stopped at the first public house and invited the quarantine man to take a glass of wine with him, for he felt quite chilly, and the ladies also were hungry. As there was no difficulty to persuade the Austrian we went in and ordered breakfast. The two gentlemen began to drink. Mrs. W. remarked, after a little while, that while they were emptying the bottle and the breakfast getting ready, we should go across the street to buy shoes.

"Do n't stay long," said M.

"We shall return in a minute," was the answer. But once in the street we hastened to the British Consulate—and I was safe. Mr. Fonblanque, the British Consul, was not in town; but we found out the Sardinian Consul, who congratulated me on my escape. Mr. M. soon joined us; he had left his companion at the bottle. Shortly after Mr. Fonblanque arrived, and showed me great kindness during my stay in Serbia. I sent a message to the Serb Minister that I expected, from the chivalrous character of his nation, that they would grant me protection and the orders necessary for travelers who pass through a country without highways, where no conveyance can be found, but by special order of Government. The Minister was surprised, but soon answered and offered every assistance. I was invited to a country seat of the Prince, to remain there till Spring; for they said the roads were impracticable in Winter; nobody could travel otherwise than on horseback. A Winter journey by carriage was unheard of, and in an open sledge it would be dangerous to my health. I was detained in this way for a whole week, and began to fear that I should not be allowed to proceed to my husband. When I complained of the delay, I was requested to state precisely what I wanted. I replied, 'Nothing but to be able to join my husband; and if no orders are given to this end I must consider myself a prisoner, and will escape when I can.'

"The aidecamp of the Prince now came to me and told me he would be happy to accompany me on my journey if I had made up my mind for many toils and difficulties, as a Winter journey was unusual for ladies in these parts. But when I refused to stay longer in Serbia as their guest, he begged to be excused if he could not afford me all the comforts he wished. He handed a letter of protection from

the Prince, and said that orders were given along our whole road to receive the lady escorted by him as the guest of the Prince. We set out; the cold was intense; the roads dreadful; the snow impeded our progress; often we heard the howl of wolves in the evening; the sledge was upset; sometimes we could not get horses and had to go forward with oxen. Occasionally we had to sleep in a stable, as I would not go into the underground, unclean, unventilated huts of the peasants. At other times we found a comfortable shelter in the houses of the lord lieutenants of the counties and the Government officials. The orders of the Prince had roused considerable curiosity along the road; people could not guess who the strange lady was traveling so mysteriously with an English passport in Winter as the guest of the Prince. When we arrived at places where accommodation could be found the gentleman of the manor received us at the gate in his picturesque national costume. On the threshold we found the lady in the rich Serbian dress; she attended us at dinner in the antique way. When we sat at table she remained at the door; the meals were brought by the servants to her, and she tendered them to us with the natural dignity and grace peculiar to the East. At night she came with her maids, who carried the pillows trimmed with French lace, and the richly-embroidered silk blankets; one after the other were handed to her; she prepared the couch and invited me to rest. The aiddecamp was often asked who I was; but he always met the inquirer with some joke and evaded the answer. He seemed pleased with the mystery which surrounded us. Once only, in the moment of our departure, he told the lord lieutenant of a county, who had entertained us with splendid hospitality, that his guest was the wife of Kossuth. He was evidently struck, and exclaimed passionately, 'Why did you not tell me before? I would have treated her with greater honors.'

"At Widden the aiddecamp left me. He was a most amiable, chivalrous man, who, even on the Turkish territory, defended me against the Austrian Consul, who, even here, in a foreign country, attempted to annoy us by examination of passport and visitations of luggage. He probably thought that I carried the crown of St. Stephen in my carpet-bag. From Widden the Pashaw sent me to Shumla, and after five months of dreadful separation I was again united to my husband."

How forcibly this narrative of heroic adventures portrays the deep and abiding affection for Kossuth existing among the Hungarian people!

After five months of dreadful separation the patriot exile and his devoted wife again shared, under the same roof, the sorrows of recollection and the anxieties of hope for their beloved country; but their children were held as prisoners by order of the Austrian Government. When sent into the country by Madame Kossuth, after the departure of the Governor, they were seized by soldiers in the county of Vezprem, and conveyed to prison at Pressburg. They were denied ordinary privileges for exercise, and were served with the indifferent prison diet. The kindness of friends in the town, often secretly manifested, prevented them from suffering from want of palatable and healthful food. When they had been two or three months in prison the execrated Austrian General, Haynau, visited them and deeply impressed their memories with his fierce look and rough manner. They had been six months in prison when, upon the earnest and oft-repeated application of one of Kossuth's sisters, who is now a resident of New York, they were discharged and placed in the keeping of their grandmother Kossuth, but under the surveillance of the police. The people bestowed upon them many tokens of regard. Presents of rare food were urged upon them; tailors sent them clothes, shoemakers competed with each other for the honor of presenting them shoes, and the people said, "We will keep the children; Kossuth will come back then. He will not stay away from his children." These tokens of affection for the Magyar chief troubled the Austrian authorities, and to be relieved of them the Government determined to send the children to Turkey, which was done a few weeks subsequent to the time at which Madame Kossuth joined her husband.

They left Pesth in May, 1850. Thousands of devoted Hungarians assembled to bid them Godspeed and to send messages of good cheer to their parents.

In August, 1851, Kossuth was informed by the Turkish Government that he was at liberty to select for himself a place of residence. He accepted the invitation of the United States, and with his family and a few personal friends embarked on the steamer *Mississippi* on the first of September. Having determined to visit England before coming to the United States, he disembarked at Marseilles, and went to Southampton on the steamer *Madrid*. Madame Kossuth and children were objects of great interest in England. When Kossuth and wife came to the United States the children were left with friends near London.

During the remarkable journey which Kossuth made through the United States, Madame

Kossuth, naturally retiring in disposition and averse to public displays, became but slightly known even to those who shared most intimately the confidence of her husband. She could not speak the English language well. With those who could converse in German or French she talked freely, but those who addressed her in English found it difficult to maintain a conversation. She was very short-sighted, which, together with her natural reserve, caused people who were introduced to her to regard her as uninteresting and indifferent. Her presence was not commanding. She dressed with exceeding plainness, except when making or receiving formal official visits, and she had no especial charm of grace or manner unless when speaking or bestowing some personal attention upon her husband. For these reasons the enthusiasm which surrounded Kossuth, in America, did not associate itself with his wife; but she was an attentive observer and obtained the enmity of some of the native friends of the Hungarian patriot, because she endeavored to persuade him to make America his permanent home, or at least an asylum till revolutionary events should require his presence in Europe. Her wifely devotion, as exhibited in the trials through which she passed in order to escape from Austrian despotism and rejoin her husband, was the great feature of her character. From knowledge of it Washington Irving might have been inspired to write the beautiful paragraph with which his touching sketch of "The Wife" is begun.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. The disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly arising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

After his return to England in 1852 Kossuth resided near London, but on account of the failing health of his only daughter removed to Italy four or five years ago. Daughter and wife make sacred now, to all true Hungarians, a graveyard at Genoa. What a sad picture now—that solitary exile in a distant land brooding over the wrongs of his nation at a desolate fireside!

First brought to notice by nobility of character during an alarming pestilence; by talent and patriotism becoming the people's leader; suffering terrible imprisonment for political offense given to despotism; liberated at the people's demand; by eloquence and statesmanship rising to be the chief of a revolution; betrayed by treachery; by foreign intervention driven into exile; and in that exile becoming historic as the most fervent and impressive orator of modern times; disappointed in every hope of justice for father-land; burying an only daughter in a graveyard far from her native home; beside that grave being compelled to prepare another—a tomb for the remains of the wife whose maiden sympathy illumined a prison cell, and whose marital devotion never permitted reproof from that early promise; an old man full of sorrows and eminently acquainted with grief—Louis Kossuth stands, in incident of career, in virtue of character, the most interesting and suggestive personage of the present day. His years are now past threescore. Ere many more elapse he must join the innumerable host to which the martyrs of Hungary belong. He will be mourned as the great and good only can be. His many faithful friends earnestly trust that he will leave prepared for publication a record of his eventful life.

OUR LIFE CROSS.

BY ELIZABETH E. E. PERRY.

LIFE hath many heavy burdens,
Life hath many weary cares,
But we will not faint nor falter,
Though the shadow of despair
May at times hang darkly 'round us,
And we can not see the way,
Still we'll hope and trust the promise
Of a better, brighter day.

Though the way seem long and dreary,
Never murmur, never fear,
There is One who, never weary,
Watcheth o'er his children here;
One who will our weak hearts strengthen,
If in faith we trust his love,
Who will kindly, gently lead us
Safely to his home above.

Say not thus, "my lot is hardest,"
That thou hast a double share;
Thou mayest never know the burdens,
Fainter ones than thou must bear;
But wherever duty calls us,
With a firm and fearless heart
Let us labor, striving ever
For the nobler, better part.

CALVARY AND THE SEPULCHER.

BY REV. E. S. WELCH.

CALVARY and the sepulcher, as I remarked in a previous article, are covered with an immense Church, consecrated as it now stands in 1810, A. D. At our arrival we found the grand entrance thronged. Soldiers stood guarding the doorway. Officious Turks with drawn swords offered to examine peaceful pilgrims to ascertain whether they carried weapons. Some Americans suffered this impertinence from Moslem guards at the threshold of the sepulcher. I was glad to be able to pass unmolested.

Already the large Church was filled. It was St. Patrick's day. Devotees walked directly to a marble slab surrounded by a low railing, covering what tradition declares to be the Stone of Unction, on which Christ's crucified body was anointed for the burial. They kneeled and devoutly pressed the marble slab with forehead and lips, then, rising, advanced to a large rotunda surmounted by a dome like the Pantheon at Rome. In the very center of the rotunda stands the holy sepulcher. Beneath the dome a small building twenty-six feet long has been erected over the tomb. The entrance is from the east. A gloomy antechamber dimly lighted, called the Chapel of the Angel, to commemorate the rolling away of the stone, leads to the narrow door of the sepulcher. Around and in this antechamber a dense crowd had collected. Not a word was spoken, but each one was moving eagerly toward the entrance. Almost every kind of feature and style of dress were represented here. All were uncovered; some were kneeling, some were standing with bare feet upon the cold pavement. In the small, dim antechamber I stood for awhile unable to advance through the crowd, endeavoring to collect my thoughts and order them aright, as one should if standing beside Joseph's new tomb; honored as no tomb ever has been or shall be; preëminent as the only one in all history which has been consecrated by the presence of real Divinity; signalized by a conflict such as even Calvary had not witnessed—a final conflict, in which death, and hell, and the grave struggled to retain the Son of God a captive, in which the issue involved the glory of God and the redemption of a world, and in which the powers of heaven gained an ultimate and decisive triumph. During those three days of darkness and of dread, invisible conflict, the poor disciples, not taught as we are, understood not the progress or the issue of the strife. To them the Savior lay silent in

death, apparently unable to save himself; the door of the sepulcher was barred and sealed, and thus made sure, was watched by his enemies. His disciples, disheartened and driven away, were undergoing the severest trial of their faith, when heaven was securing for them and for itself the crowning victory. An angel from heaven smote the watchmen with dismay, rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulcher, and sat upon it, to demonstrate the reality and defy the Roman guard longer to hold the tomb; and Jesus was "declared to be the Son of God, with power by the resurrection from the dead."

The Scripture narrative of angels and men, of friends and foes, the burial of the Redeemer and the seal of Caesar, the resurrection of Jesus, the early visit of the pious women, the eager, startled search of Peter and John as they entered the empty sepulcher, was recalled with strange clearness and power.

At length the opportunity arrived, and, bending low, I entered and stood within the sepulcher. With two other Americans I lingered beside the tomb in silence, unmolested by the crowd, and undisturbed by skepticism, for I did not choose to doubt whether this was the identical place where the Lord lay. That it is not no one ever yet has proved, nor I think can prove. If perchance it be not the identical spot, yet to my mind it represents the place of his burial and his resurrection, and this for me is enough. This representation involves the essential truth in Christianity, the turning point in the Gospel: "For if Christ be not risen then is our preaching and our faith vain." Standing reverently beside this empty tomb, the angel-voice speaks to my heart: "Behold the place where the Lord lay. He is not here; he is risen." And so from this sepulcher of death "life and immortality are brought to light." I yielded myself without reserve to the emotions which such thoughts are calculated to inspire, and felt and was glad to feel intensely moved.

Erring zeal has cased the tomb in marble. But what to me is the marble covering? It conceals not, it disturbs not the vital import. Pious hands have decked the tomb with fragrant flowers and lighted the sepulcher with burning lamps that never expire, while the priest stands here to bestow upon the pilgrim a cluster of buds and blossoms from Gethsemane, blessed and sprinkled with symbolic baptism. But even these may be received as emblems—the lamp of hope, and the flower of immortality. The empty tomb was the fitting subsequent to the place of crucifixion. The one solved the mystery of the other. The resurrection of

Christ was the consummation of his death, and so "death was swallowed up of life." "I lay down my life," saith the Savior, "that I might take it again." In the light of the resurrection Calvary is relieved of gloom. Passing now from the empty tomb to the place of crucifixion, we felt as never before the force of these Divine words: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Calvary, as tradition locates it, is near the sepulcher, only one hundred and twenty-six feet distant. And this agrees very well with the inspired account—John xix, 41, 42—"Now, in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There they laid Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulcher was nigh at hand." Both are now included under the same roof. Calvary is not a mountain. It is never in Scripture, I believe, called a mountain, or even a hill. Golgotha, the Hebrew word, signifies "a skull." Calvaria is only the Latin synonym for Golgotha. And Calvary is the English word. The spot, however, as it is here designated, is elevated several feet above its surroundings. We reach it by an ascent of eighteen steps. Here is the Chapel of the Cross, with marble floor and low, vaulted room. At the eastern end a raised platform supports an altar, which is said to mark the place of crucifixion. Lifting the movable covering, the naked rock is disclosed, with three mortises, each to receive a cross. An irregular, deep rent cleaves the solid rock, into which I thrust my hand, and which one can trace as he examines the firm, broad rock from beneath the floor, to which there is an easy entrance. I mention these things as I saw them, without comment, although some claim this as a visible proof of the earthquake, when the rocks were rent and the graves opened. A throng of devotees approached the altar on their knees, kissing the marble floor as they advanced. The altar and every part of the Chapel of the Cross was rich and gorgeous. But the display and confusion disturb one's feeling, and tend to dissipate solemnity. As we lingered, the Greek bishop and clergy, in black flowing robes, black caps, and long gray beard, entered the church in procession, advanced to the Stone of Uncion, kissed it reverently, and then proceeded to the sepulcher to bestow blessings on the pilgrims.

Various chapels and tombs have been congregated in this immediate vicinity, such as the

Chapel of Adam, the Tomb of Melchisedek, the Chapel of Helena, the Tomb of Godfrey, the chivalrous crusader, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, and the Tomb of Baldwin, his brother and successor on the throne. But these I need only mention, as well as the Church of the Latins and the rich Greek Church, gorgeous with embroidery and gold, and which contains a marble column, said to mark the center of the earth.

Once and again I visited the place of the sepulcher and the cross, and with ever-increasing interest. The architecture, the numbers, the display becoming familiar availed less to divert my attention. My last visit in the early morning of the day on which I bade farewell to Jerusalem was most favorable for communion with the sacred and sublime associations of the place. The doors were just opened. None was present but the porter. It was an hour of quiet. Alone and undisturbed, I ascended to Calvary and stood beside the sepulcher. The blessed truth that Jesus "was delivered for our offenses and was raised again for our justification" was welcomed to my heart with unspeakable delight. I reviewed the scene of the crucifixion as described by the evangelist, and kneeled beside the tomb in prayer that henceforth I might live, not unto myself, but unto Him which died for me and rose again.

PRAYER AT EVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

O, God, in this ending day,
Thy hand hath made so fair,
Our feet have wandered from the way
It pleased thee to prepare;
And if our hearts, by sin beguiled,
Forgetful were of heaven,
And stood disordered and defiled,
We pray to be forgiven.

If we have faltered from the faith
In idle word or deed,
Or made a falsehood of our breath
Whereby we might succeed—
If we have shunned the kindness claimed
By spirits wronged or riven,
Which would so make us to be blamed,
We pray to be forgiven.

If we have smiled where we should weep,
Or left the good untried,
And willfully foreborne to keep
Christ's sufferings sanctified—
If a pure sense of endless love
Has failed where it has striven
To bear our lowliest thought above,
O, let us be forgiven!

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS. E. H. CUTLER.

NUMBER III.

"OUT of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—the pen writes. Different ways of preparing food occupy my mind lately, and my pen records it. It will be easy for me after awhile, I hope, so I can do every thing without effort, and shall not have to think so much about it. I regard the subject as worth giving a good deal of thought to, a good deal of care and effort—so much depends upon it; so much of comfort and of health, so much of temper even, and of moral states, and our devotional feelings may be influenced by the kind of food we eat, and our manner of taking it. Ill-cooked food makes us heavy and dull in our whole nature.

I avail myself of aunt Milly's knowledge as much as possible, though she says her ways are such old-fashioned ones they will not suit me. This is true with regard to many things, yet she has sterling good sense, and I get a good many useful hints from her with regard to ways and means.

Aunt Milly is not one of those old persons who think every thing must be done as it was in by-gone times. She believes in improvement. She believes that perhaps the best way has not been found out in any thing yet with regard to cooking and managing a house, so she encourages my experiments, my trying to find out new and better ways of doing things. "Do n't put the stone in one end of the bag and the meal in the other because your father and grandfather did," she said laughingly one day in reference to this matter. "Too many make mistakes in this respect, jogging on in the old way, without looking to see if it is the right way, the best way."

But I find some of aunt Milly's old ways of doing things better, it seems to me, and more wholesome than any I have been able to find out yet. They are so to my judgment, and I shall adopt them till I find some way I think is better. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Aunt Milly told me this morning that salting a steak when it is first put upon the gridiron makes it tougher. This is a very simple thing to know, yet it may be a very useful one if it makes the beefsteak better; and it is just as easy, of course, to salt it just before it is done as when it is first put on the gridiron.

Susy, the girl, looks with an unfavorable eye upon my improvements. I go steadily on and

don't appear to notice her. I was inly amused this morning when I was cooking the steak. I knew by the way she jerked things about she was not pleased with the operation. On her way to the dining-room with the bread she stopped suddenly, and said, in a tone half of authority, half of contempt, "You have n't salted it."

"No," I said quietly, "aunt Milly thinks it is better not to salt it till just before you take it up."

I heard a sniff, a sneer made audible, and she passed on.

Said uncle Tim, speaking of the irregular habits of some households and the disadvantages arising from them, "Nature sets us an example of regularity. Suppose the sun should rise and set just as it happened, and the seasons be irregular in their recurrence, so we would never know what to expect, how would all human affairs be deranged!"

True enough, and this little home over which I preside is a miniature world. Yet some people's lives are on this chance principle. We are not as apt to forget any thing that we have a set time for doing. The winding of a clock, for instance, if we have a regular time for it—the last thing before going to bed or the first after getting up—it will seldom be forgotten, while if we leave it to chance it will often be neglected. So with other things. I must impress upon my mind the importance of order by thinking of it often—thinking of its advantages and its disadvantages.

I have fixed, regular hours for meals, partly because it is better if we want to be regular in other matters and partly because I think it is more healthy to be regular about eating. I have made my breakfast hour half-past seven. Aunt Milly, I knew, would prefer it at seven, the children, and perhaps the other members of the family at eight, though I suppose a half hour one way or the other would not make much difference to either party, so I conceded as much to her as to them all; for, though they are greatest in number, I consider her greatest on account of her age, and the respect due her from us all for the life of self-sacrifice for others she has led, from which we have all received our share of benefit—though if I had made my breakfast hour at nine she would have said nothing, and no one would have known she was incommoded by it. We are not apt enough to think of these things.

My plan met with the approval of all, and there was a good deal of sport in the morning about hurrying up and pretending to feel very

much afraid of the consequences if one should happen to be a half a minute behind time. Allen got up two hours before breakfast the first morning after I announced my plan. He said he woke, and, finding it light, "hustled himself out of bed," for fear of being behind time. He says he finds his head clearer for study for rising earlier. Where he boarded before he came here they did not have breakfast till nine o'clock, and, as he said, being unable to set his mind vigorously to work studying in the morning till he was "wound up with a cup of coffee," he got a habit of lying in bed late. So a little good I can see results from my plan.

I have considered the good of all so far as was in my power in my plans—the comfort, the taste, the habits, the convenience of all, yet I hope upon an ascending scale; that is, with a view to improve those whose habits are wrong, yet not to remove my marks so far from their former habits that they would not be likely to reach them.

I must endeavor to improve in hired-girl tactics, as well as in other directions, if there is any fault in my mode of managing with regard to them. There are some general rules that will apply to all; for instance, that they should be treated with kindness and firmness, like children.

If a woman, to manage a household well, should have the qualities necessary for a good general, no small share of skill and strategy is needed for the kitchen division. The present incumbent of this department has stood almost in the place of principal for so long that it is somewhat difficult to remove her from her position. She evidently regards me in the light of an interloper—a usurper of privileges which she claims by right of possession. I must let her down by degrees, but shall probably be obliged to install some unsophisticated Biddy who will acknowledge my supremacy.

Yet the amusing thought occurred to me to-day that should I propose a change to her, I might find myself in the position of an old gentleman I read of, who had a servant that had lived with him so long and been so much indulged he assumed to command rather than obey. His conduct becoming unbearable, the old gentleman called him up one day and told him he could not endure his insolence any longer—they must part.

"Where does your honor think of going?" the servant asked, coolly.

So I think, should I suggest a change to my subordinate she would expect me to leave. I

must dispose of the question with regard to her as soon as may be.

"Whenever any body does any thing that is lovely, think about it and do it also." This is the golden rule of a tribe in Africa. They say their god gave it to them. It is a beautiful rule, let it come from where it will.

If we want to be good and lovely we should look at other people and see what looks hateful or lovely in their conduct. Sometimes things look wrong to us in others that we are in the habit of doing ourselves, but we do not know it. We should watch ourselves closely if we want to be loved by others, if we want to be good. Our own faults do not look to us as the same faults do in others. We should think that they look to other people as other people's faults do to us. Not long ago I was at a house where there was a little boy ten years old. His name was George Wilson. He went out one afternoon to play with some of his mates at the house of another boy named Billy Jones.

When George came home, "Mother," he said, "Billy Jones is a very bad boy; I do n't want to play with him again."

"Why, my son?" his mother asked.

"Why," answered George, "his mother was so good. She set a little table for us in the yard and put nice warm cakes, and honey, and apples on it for us to eat. And she was so pleasant, and waited on us so nice; and when we had got through his mother wanted Billy just to run to the post-office and take a letter, and he answered her real cross, and said, 'I do n't want to, I want to go and play again.' And then he took up his bow and arrows that lay on the ground and started off. He said, 'Come,' to me, but I said I'd go for Mrs. Jones, and I took the letter off the corner of the table and ran away with it. When I came back Billy would n't play with me any more. His mother said, 'For shame, what a naughty boy!' and said she would tell his father. 'I do n't care,' Billy said as cross as he could, and he was so cross all the rest of the time that I only shot my bow a few times and then came away."

"He was a naughty boy indeed," George's mamma said, "to behave so to his mother when she had been so kind to him; and it was not polite, besides, to behave so when he had company. It made his mother feel unhappy, and you feel unhappy, and of course he felt unhappy himself. People always do when they behave ill."

It was not more than two days after this

George was running bullets by the kitchen fire. His mother was going to have some company in the evening, and she wanted him to go for some hickory-nuts. George scowled when she asked him, and said, "That is always the way. When I begin to do any thing I always have to run of some errand. Jake Alderman said if I would run a dozen bullets for his rifle he would give me two shillings."

"But you can finish when you come back," his mother said pleasantly. "I have no one else to send. John is away and will not be back soon enough, and I want to crack them now while I have time."

"I do n't care," George said, "I do n't want to go. Let Jane go"—his sister.

"I will wait," his mother said, "if you will promise to go as soon as you get through."

George did not promise. He said "well," in a grumbling tone; but when he had finished running his bullets he went out and did not come in again till bed-time. I wondered he did not think that his conduct looked as bad as Billy Jones's. Yet I do not think he thought of it.

So the best way for little boys, and girls, and older people to correct their faults is, to think how the same things they do look in others, and to think they look just the same to others in them; and when they see others do any thing lovely, to think they may be lovely in the same way.

I went in to see Mrs. Ingals to-day, a young woman with a baby a few months old, and found her sitting rocking her baby with one hand, the other hanging listlessly by her side, while tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"I'm glad you've come in," she exclaimed, sobs choking her utterance, but smiles breaking through her tears; "I've got the blues."

"The blues! why should you have the blues, young, healthy, happily situated, not to mention other advantages?" I said.

"Yes, I know them. I know I am young, and healthy, and have a great many advantages—a kind husband, a pleasant home, plenty, and a pretty baby," she added, smiling down upon the little thing in the cradle; "but all these avail me nothing because of my ignorance."

"Why, what now? You, the accomplished young woman, a graduate of Mrs. Blank's seminary—a graduate with the highest honors!" I said playfully.

"That's it; that's what grieves me," she said. "The time I spent there studying sciences that were distasteful to me, that will never be

of any earthly use to me. I not only had no pleasure in acquiring them, but they will never be of any real profit to me. With regard to my home duties I know nothing. This was brought home to me at present by two household calamities. Yesterday my girl left, and I do n't know where to get another, and my baby was sick and I did n't know what to do for it. Only a diarrhoea; but you can't imagine what intense anxiety I felt, how helpless and ignorant I felt. I got up in the night with it; there was no body in the house but sister Susy and me. Henry is away attending court, and I thought of Hagar in the desert, unable to find a drop of water for her perishing child, thinking my anguish was like hers, in kind if not in degree. My babe was suffering, its slight disease might lead to something serious, and I powerless to help, to prevent, fettered by my ignorance. We have doctors, to be sure, but a sick child needs the constant care of an intelligent nurse. I see and feel this so vividly now. I remember once reading of the mortality of children in cities. I said, Why should so many children born healthy die so young? Aunt Jane said it is owing to their mothers' ignorance of the laws of health."

It is strange how ignorant people are of the plainest principles with regard to health and sickness, and how ignorant they are content to be. Mrs. Ingals did not know that a chill to the surface of the body would cause derangement of the bowels. She had dressed her child the day before in thin muslin, and had it out toward night, and the evening was very cool for the season. When she told me that, I thought it was the cause of the child's illness.

"I shall kill her yet by my ignorance," she said, hugging the child to her bosom, tears falling.

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

ALAS, for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates when he is excluded by the present! The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

A REMINISCENCE.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

WE never hear of a Baptist but we think of Robert Hall. It was our fortune, when a very small boy at school, to hear that excellent, eloquent, strange, good man preach many a time and oft at the old Baptist Chapel, on Regent-street, Cambridge; and subsequently, two or three years later, to sit in the same room with him in the old Dandaff Palace of that place, and see him drink endless cups of green tea, smoke many a "church warden" pipe of "returns" tobacco, and listen greedily to his half-whispered talk, once with Professor Schofield, the great Grecian of that day, and several distinguished gownsmen—and more than once with good old pastor Edmonds, whose servant Mr. Hall had married—the father, too, of Cyrus Edmonds, author of the *Life of Washington* in Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, if we remember aright. Newton Bosworth, too, of the great nose, was present on one of these occasions. O, what a nose that was, to be sure! Bardolph's must have been a baby to it; and then it was so rotund at the extremity, so rubicund—and altogether so mighty a nose, that we doubt if any other human being besides him, whether layman or ecclesiastic, ever wore such an all-observed facial member, except the hasheesh-eating men whose noses are so vividly described in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

And yet Mr. Bosworth came to no harm through his nose, was a right worthy gentleman, a faithful minister of the Gospel, a great Anglo-Saxon scholar, and, better still, a trusted friend of Robert Hall. Many are the jokes reported to have been made at the expense of both these worthies; and so far as Mr. Hall is concerned, we can testify that he regarded his ugly features with sufficient complacency to poke fun out of it himself. For example, some well-meaning deacon, very long-winded in his prayers, and not over courtly in his rhetoric, once prayed that the Lord would open wide the mouth of his servant—Mr. Hall—who was that morning to hold forth for the edification of a lukewarm Church and congregation. "Brother," said Mr. Hall to a friend, who was present on the occasion, "did you hear that man pray that the Lord would make my mouth bigger than it is? As if he had n't made it big enough, sir! Think of that, sir!" And upon another occasion he said to Newton Bosworth, "If your nose, sir, and my mouth had

chanced to have got upon the same face, what a scarecrow of a minister it would have made in the pulpit, sir! Did you ever think of that, Mr. Bosworth?" Poor fellow! his fearful disease and ceaseless study broke down his intellect at one period of his life, and threatened it with irretrievable ruin and desolation. But he recovered and preached more or less till his death, although his brilliant eccentricities never left him.

And what a preacher he was! Those who have been accustomed to the cut-and-dried discourses in which some ministers, even in this day of tremendous energy and fiery ordeal—do sometimes indulge—can form no adequate idea of the extraordinary eloquence of this great preacher. Well do we remember him; and it seems to us impossible that all those long, long years should have gone over to the majority since we heard him in that quaint, old-fashioned chapel on Regent-street, with Downing College for a background to it. In a moment, from the dusty galleries of memory, the scene comes back to us in vivid picturing. It is an ancient building, without pretense of any sort or the slightest architectural adornment; presenting a striking contrast, therefore, to the magnificence of the old churches and the monkish grandeur of the scholastic edifices. It is not even a large building, and will not hold more than seven or eight hundred people. The floor is divided into three compartments of pews, with two aisles running from the entrance doors to the pulpit. It is surrounded by galleries, with the exception of the pulpit wall. Every seat is occupied all over the house; and the aisles are crammed with gownsmen and laymen. There is a great pressure at the doors, and we can see the influence of it in the surging to and fro of the people who are standing up in the aisles. A mighty but hushed murmur pervades the congregation. We are in the gallery close to the pulpit, along with eighty or ninety other "fellows," some of whom are on the reporting list, and have to take notes of the sermon. It wants three minutes to half past ten o'clock, morning service. We look over the balcony upon the heads below. There is the great square singing pew, where the Fosters and the Brookes, rich city bankers, are leaders of the choir, or part singers. There is no organ, nor instrumentation of any kind. It is vocal throughout. Mighty congregational singing, the mightiest of all. We remember all the old faces with a perfect memory. Here is good Mr. Sidney, the basso, with his bald head and deep-black, sunken eyes. He is a friend of ours, with whom we take tea occa-

sionally. He looks up to us with a smile of recognition. We knew he would—he is such a kind, excellent, generous gentleman. Here, too, is young George Hind, the mathematician, who is sure to come out senior wrangler when he graduates. What a crush there is this morning! The murmur is getting more and more articulate. Hark! The clock strikes the half hour! The congregation adjusts itself in one simultaneous movement—the vestry door opens—the verger appears, a little, old man, in unimpeachable black garments. He advances to the pulpit, opens the door, and slowly following him comes a middle-sized, middle-aged, rather stout man, supported to the stair by one of the deacons. It is Mr. Hall; he is very unwell; walks almost double, with a painful expression of his strongly-marked face. In another moment he is in the pulpit. And now there is a silence all over the place as if death had suddenly put out every life in it. Not a breath disturbs the still air. It is absolutely distressing. One can feel the silence; and literally, if we had Alpine echoes here, it seems as if the sound of a pin-fall would come back to us in thunders. Every eye is fixed upon the minister, for the moment riveted to him. So eager and earnest are all, that it is difficult to say who are strangers. Hold! we have found one at last. He is a freshman, too—a newcomer to the University. One can see that by his unsoiled gown and by his rather rustic manners. In his heart that man is a Dissenter. You can read it in his eyes, they are so full of delight. What a tall, lank fellow he is! How anti-city fashioned are his leonine, tawny locks! He is so eager to get a good look at the great man in the pulpit that he is almost rude to his neighbors. See! he fairly jostles that old gentleman, with the white powdered hair, at his elbow. Now he is localized to his satisfaction, and his big, saucer eyes take in the whole portrait of the preacher. We should like to know what he thinks of him.

But see, he rises. His back is bent almost to a deformity. It is the physical upheaving of a great inward agony. He leans with both arms on the pulpit desk, supporting the book in his two hands. He gives out the hymn, and that breaks the charmed silence. The turning over of the leaves of seven or eight hundred hymn-books is like a mimic of the multitudinous laughter of the salt sea waves. What a vast, lunar face it is! round, full, and white as alabaster. He is nearly bald, and strange to say, his broad, vaulted forehead seems to retreat into his "top head." Behold that immense, that terrible under-jaw! How it pro-

jects, putting the anatomical angle out of joint—thick and huge like the jaw of a gladiator. That is the symbol of the man's power—an animal symbol of animal power, too, which, passing through the alembics of his intellect and conscience, is converted into spirit, and makes him a spiritual Goliath. It is that projecting jaw that "carries off" the forehead, as the artists express it. His eyes are of a liquid blackness, and they kindle up as with the fires of heaven as he reads the hymn, while his whole face quivers with nervous excitement.

That is a picture of the man, Robert Hall—the great and marvelously-eloquent preacher, the fine, scholarly writer, analyst, and critic, whose writings are worthy to take rank among those of the divines of the English Commonwealth—to range with Jeremy Taylor's and Isaac Barrow's. His *Life*, by Dr. Olynthus Gregory—whom we also knew—who was born at Yaxley, four miles from the cathedral city of Peterboro, Northamptonshire—the birthplace of the present writer—is an organic performance, and an honor to the literature of the Baptist Church. We fear we have dwelt too long on this theme already, and yet we must add a few more sentences, or the historic sketch which we design will not be complete.

When Hall rose to speak it was with evident trepidations. He used to say that he has often looked to see if the vestry door was open when he began his sermon, that peradventure he might make his escape that way. He leaned on his arms while preaching, as that was his easiest position. At first his voice was scarcely audible; he breathed out his words. But as he became inspired by his theme he warmed up into animation and eloquence, although he rarely spoke loud enough to be heard at the extreme end of the building, and would not have been heard but for the uniform silence which prevailed. The Chancellor of the University had forbidden the men to attend his ministrations, but they went in spite of his fulminations and the dread of rustication. So perfect and Grecian were the finish and ornamental imagery of his rhetoric, and so startling the form of his annunciations, that it was well-nigh impossible to keep from testifying one's pleasure by actual applause; and on more than one occasion we have heard a distinct round of such after the utterance of some unusually fine passage.

It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MERTOWN, JUNE 10TH.

YOU were right, my dear Kate. If years of patient effort and compliance with every whim of my brother's are powerless to subdue his spirit of domination and contradiction, other methods must be tried or the man will be unendurable.

It is true that I have become somewhat habituated to his contrary spirit, and if the dear girls were to be always here to divide the care of him with me I should find it easier to submit to his dictation than to assert my rights; but there are glimpses of a matrimonial future opening before each of them, and I tremble when I think of being left alone to "beard the lion in his den." Another reason for attempting his reform is, that my disposition is losing its natural serenity, as any temper short of a glorified saint's must do here.

His irritable temperament is acquired. It is not constitutional. From whom could he inherit it? Our mother was an angel of sweetness, and our father was a kind-hearted, agreeable man, with the manners of the old polite school, which, if a little ceremonious, were at least provocative only of good feeling. I am a branch of the family tree, and of all things in this world, I do abominate contention and quarreling.

My brother has been most pleasantly situated all the days of his life. Till his marriage he was never suspected of possessing those arbitrary, intolerant traits, and to his wife belongs the credit of developing them. If she had not been the weakest of all women I could find it in my heart to reproach her even in her grave. What right had she to degrade the dignity of a wife to the position of a menial?

All day long she made it her chief business to find out his likings and dislikings, and to humor the same. Very likely she lay awake half the nights to contrive means of giving him pleasure. It is an inscrutable mystery how such women become wedded to *such* men. Of course, it did not take long to bring out the selfish helplessness of his nature and to develop the full-fledged domestic tyrant.

I remember my amazement on one of my visits here when, on going down stairs one night at a late hour to fill my water-pitcher, I found him reclining in an easy chair reading a newspaper, smoking a big, dirty pipe, and she, poor, tired wife, who had groveled in spirit before him all day, was refreshing herself by washing his feet. They had been mar-

ried three years then. You can picture for yourself her after martyrdom.

What was peculiarly aggravating in the case was the fact that neither of them ever doubted that he was a pattern husband. If I should go down to his room this morning after all the past and say to him, "Clem, you were a heartless tyrant to poor little Paulina," he would think I had lost my senses.

As the children came, one after another, to add to her cares and labors, it never occurred to her or to him that any one of her unreasonable attentions to him could be dropped. If it had she would never, with her yielding temper, have been able to emancipate herself. People used to think it strange that she was not oftener seen in Church, and that she never went into society, and my brother used to tell her that she ought to go out more, especially to Church, for the sake of the example; but I spent two Sundays at their house when Clarence and Josiah were babies, and I only wondered that she ever went out at all. When the scarlet fever took the twin boys away she was too heart-broken to go out, and then Cora was born not long after.

But about those Sundays. In the first place, my brother is very particular about his Sunday dinners, and, although they were never then, and are never now, cooked to suit him, he eats as reverently as if it were a part of the religious observance of the day. Paulina used to get up very early in order to superintend the preparations for this devout meal, and the twins used to insist on early rising, too. The breakfast must be personally attended to, the deluded woman fancying that she understood his tastes and preferences better than the kitchen girl. Perhaps she did, but I suspect that they were past finding out, even by himself. It was a late breakfast, because the 'Squire must have his morning nap on Sunday, the day being appointed for man to rest in. It was Church time when the meal was over, and then she had to get the 'Squire ready.

"Here, wife, while I am reading a chapter in the Bible you may put a clean collar on me and brush my hair. Tie the cravat loose. You always forget that unless I remind you."

"Yes, dear."

"And take these slippers up stairs and bring my boots. But first fetch my pipe. I can smoke while I am reading."

"What a curious way to 'tend prayers!" I said involuntarily, but in an undertone fortunately. Both babies beginning to cry, my speech was unheard.

"Paulina, how often must I tell you that

nothing so annoys me as the crying of babies? Can't you keep them still? The tobacco, if you please."

"In a minute, dear. There is a pin pricking Clarence."

"Do you not see that it is nearly time for the bell?"

"Yes, love, I am hurrying. There, baby darling, let mamma go."

"My overcoat needs brushing; you will find it in the hall. And one of the buttons is nearly off. You can just fasten it with a stitch, if it is Sunday."

Do you wonder Paulina died? Even upon her death-bed her chief care seemed to be to extract a promise from somebody to wait upon him. I am glad I was not here. To soothe her I should have promised all she wished, and so have bound myself over, soul and body, to slavery.

Yet, knowing all this, I have tried what conciliation and a yielding spirit might do; but I have not submitted to wash and dress a great, fat man, who has muscular power enough to groom forty horses daily. Why should I?

God has fashioned me slenderly, delicately, but not weakly either in body or mind. Intellectually I am my brother's superior, though he is ignorant of that fact. I was not created just to minister to his gratification, to humor his whims, but to render to him all true, sisterly, womanly service.

How well I remember the morning after my arrival here! My parting with you, dearest Kate, seemed like cutting myself off from all that was enjoyable in life. To whom should I go for daily, nay, hourly sympathy in all my joys or sorrows? I scarcely looked out of the car window all the way, but gave myself up to the pleasure of making myself miserable. After taking so much pains to become dissatisfied I rather astonished myself by having a good night's sleep and awaking in the best of spirits the next morning. My opinion of the extent of my sacrifice changed considerably as I opened my window and looked out upon one of the most delightful views in the world. You know how entirely it differs from our tame inland town. I thought then, and I have learned since that I was not mistaken, that one could not be wholly without happiness in such a country.

I had forgotten myself and my anticipated troubles when I was roused from my reverie by a voice beneath the window.

"I say! Do n't you know her, Fred? I do. That is, I know her name. She has been craning her long neck out of that window by spells

ever since sunrise. She belongs down east somewhere, and she is an old maid. What she finds to look at so much, I really don't know."

"The bay, perhaps. It is worth looking at, I am sure. And if she comes from any inland place, Bob, the shipping off the harbor must be a novel sight. I like people who take notice of things."

"Then you will like her. She has got the bump for observing. She would n't be the Squire's sister otherwise. The faculty runs in the family, I expect."

"Well, Bob, I fancy she will not prohibit your visits to little Miss Maggie till the child is several years older. So you need not hate her in advance."

"That is nonsense, Fred. But I do wish the old maid had kept away. Her name is Phillissa. Nigger name, any how."

I started from my seat by the window and leaned out to look at the speakers. They were, as I learned soon afterward, the son and nephew of a near neighbor of my brother's. Both of them were great, awkward boys, somewhere about twenty years of age. In a city they would have been young men already used to society, perhaps tired of it; but they were country boys here.

The youngest one, Bob, had described me very well. I did belong down east, and my name was Phillissa. I was an old maid, and I had a habit of "craning my long neck" to observe whatever was passing around me. But I thought that a married woman, *not* from down east, with a short neck and a pretty name, might be well excused for particularly noticing the prospect before me.

The beautiful village was laid out in the form of a crescent fronting the sea. Behind it there were hundreds of soft green hills or bluffs rising one above another and fairly shutting it in from the rest of the world. There were houses scattered here and there upon the tops of these lovely eminences. On one of these stood my brother's dwelling, and it was so situated as to command a view of the whole. The "attic of the village," I had christened it, remembering Sidney Smith's quaint cognomen for Edinburgh—"The Garret of the World."

I laughed outright at the embarrassment of my youthful critics as I "craned my long neck" out of the window to observe *them*. The oldest blushed like a girl, and the youngest stammered, by way of apology, "I thought you had gone down stairs to your breakfast. I heard the bell."

"Did you? Well, I did n't hear it. Thank you for telling me."

I was about to close the window when the boy spoke again.

"I say!"

"Well."

"I did n't mean any thing wrong, you know."

I laughingly accepted the implied apology and bade him good morning. That was six years ago.

Six years! What a tiny lapse of time to look back upon! and yet six years to come seems to stretch far into the future. Six years since my brother sent for me to be his house-keeper and help him educate his motherless girls. Help him, indeed! I have had to do it all.

Bob is Lieutenant Robert Newleigh now. He has been in the army, and has a scar on his face which it is difficult to see with the naked eye, and another on his arm which looks to me like the place where he was vaccinated. As I write I hear his voice in lively conversation with my pet Maggie, who is at work in the parlor below me. He is pretending to help her, but I am quite sure that unless Leonore, my pattern niece, shall be inspired by their united shiftlessness to take the brush into her own hands, the carpet will remain unswept and the furniture undusted.

Hark! It is my brother's voice calling me. There is something or somebody at fault when he calls like that.

"Yes, I am coming," I answer, adding as an admonition to myself to avoid unnecessary hurry, "I shall come when I get ready."

I laid down my pen rather peevishly at the close of the last sentence. But my brother did not detain me long.

"Phillissa," said he the moment I appeared, "I want to know who makes my bed."

"One of the girls, I do n't know which. Cora made it yesterday."

"Then I desire you to instruct my daughters in bed-making. Just look at this," throwing open his bedroom door. "Here's a hollow, and there's a hump, and nobody knows how long there has been a slit in that pillow-case. It is perfectly scandalous. There are five women in the house, and such a bed as that! I never slept a wink last night."

"That is not strange, Clement. Your snoring disturbed me a good deal, and there is this wide corridor between our rooms. How could you expect to sleep with such terrific noises coming out of your own head?"

This was quite a new style of reply from me, and my brother dropped his spectacles from his forehead to his nose to look at me.

"Phillissa"—I can give you no idea of his solemn air and tone—"Phillissed, do you not know that the chief ornament of a woman is humility?"

"There is a difference," I said, "between humility and humiliation—humility, that sweet and gracious feeling, the twin sister of peace, and humiliation, the essence of undeserved shame, and wrong, and helplessness."

Before he had time to reply I basked into my room and shut the door. I should like to see the bed that he would not find fault with. Every woman in the house has tried in vain to suit him. There is nothing in my Bible against his making it himself.

Cora is in the kitchen learning to make puddings and pies. She is my oldest niece, and is engaged to a clergyman who has not yet commanded a salary sufficient for his own support. This fact puts the wedding-day far in the future, but as "distance lends enchantment to the view," she is very happy. She is singing hymns over her work. What a sweet voice it is! She will be the light of the minister's dwelling—when he gets her.

Whew! what a dust! Bob is beating the door-mats against the piazza pillars in spite of Maggie's laughing remonstrances, and the wind just blows the dust back into the house. So, remembering the "long ago" and Bob's unflattering comments, I proceed to "crane my long neck out of the window" and bear a testimony.

"Bob!"

"Ma'am."

"Miss Phillissa is here, sir—the 'Squire's sister—from down east. She is an old maid, and has the faculty of observing."

Though so long a time had passed since he had thus described me, and the dear boy had served three years in the army, and had been in I do n't know how many battles, he remembered it all instantly, and astonished Maggie by coloring rosily and offering the old apology: "I did n't mean any thing wrong, aunt 'Lissa."

"No, I suppose not. But what has become of your cousin, Robert? Do you get no tidings of him?"

"Nothing reliable; only contradictory rumors which are got up no one knows how, and are circulated by no one knows whom. I can't tell you how much time and money I have spent since the war closed in chasing these shadows with the vain hope of tracing him."

"Papa says there can be little doubt that he

died at Andersonville," said Maggie. "I think he is right. The wonder is that any body lived to get out of that horrid pen. Do you remember, Bob, when we read of the black hole at Calcutta and I fainted away? I was a little girl then, but I should faint now at the thought of Andersonville, only the idea of it makes me so indignant I can't. It is lucky that the abominable rebels have not got to be sentenced by me. Nothing short of the positive annihilation of the whole set would relieve me in the least. Poor Fred! He must have been tempted to believe there was no God, or that he had forgotten them."

Maggie did not look at all like fainting away as she spoke, but her eyes flashed and her cheek crimsoned. Robert dropped the mats and began to walk rapidly up and down the short path to the front gate.

"Aunt 'Lissa"—he had learned to call me aunt from Maggie—"I would give every thing I possess for any reliable news of Fred. I went all over that miserable burying-place, but if he sleeps there there is nothing to trace him by. Do you ever see Jack Cushing?"

"I do," said Maggie. "He is first mate of the *Isabella* now. Why, Bob, did n't you know that when he was at home the year you went away he was here ever so often?"

"No, I did not."

Robert looked slightly aggrieved that he should have been kept in ignorance of any of the family doings. Maggie noticed it and continued:

"He was here last evening. Aunt 'Lissa did not see him. She was writing in her room. O, he is a splendid fellow! I wish you could hear him describe the countries he has visited. And he brought me the *prettiest* India scarf!" added the little coquette.

"I was going to tell aunt 'Lissa," pursued Robert, gravely, "that I saw Jack Cushing, and he told me that he saw in New York last week a soldier who was a fellow-prisoner of Fred's. He told him that my cousin escaped from Andersonville nearly two months before he was released, but in so weak a condition that it is doubtful whether he reached any place of safety."

"He may be living yet, Robert," I answered, hopefully.

"I have been so often disappointed that I dare not hope. I wish I could find that soldier. Jack did not ask for his address."

"Are you going away again, Bob?" asked Maggie in a low voice. She was already repenting of her attempt to excite his jealousy.

"Yes, I shall try to follow up this clew."

"How long will you be away?"

"I can not tell."

"Bob!"

"Yes, Maggie."

"I want to tell you something."

"Yes; what is it?"

The color came and went in her cheek, and he was obliged to repeat his question.

"It is only that Jack comes here to see Leonore."

Did you ever know an old maid who had not a lively interest in the love affairs of their nieces? I am no exception to the general rule.

But I must stop writing and go down to superintend the dinner. I do not expect to suit the 'Squire, but I begin to feel hungry myself. Let me hear from you as soon as possible, or I shall be tempted to reply to my own letter, just to open the way for another.

Affectionately, PHILLISSA BROWN.

IN THE GLOOM.

BY MISS ANNA BASSETT.

THE sullen evening gathers round,

The sky broods low and dull;

Coarse tears are dropped upon the ground;

The winds go forth with doleful sound;

Dull probes seek out the mind's last wound,

Its healing to annul.

Sluggishly beat the pulses of the world,

And all its hope-fraught banners now seem furled.

Where are the stars, and where life's fires?

What does this gloom portend?

Is it that Nature's spirit tires,

And yields at last her sweet desires,

Knowing no purpose that inspires

Her work to worthy end?

So falter mortal hearts when shines no goal

Of glory with fair promise to the soul.

When thus discouragement and pain

Settle o'er earth and heart,

And low cares press like dreary rain,

How can we trust yet to regain

The light and faith which shall sustain

To any noble part?

Will the sun glow again, and life delight?

And an unclouded heaven bless our sight?

We know that to the outward scene

Shall be, anon, release;

Skies reappear and shine serene,

And these sad moments that between

Disturbed the soul of nature, e'en

Yield her a sweeter peace.

So may the mind shake off its heavy fears,

And strengthen to go onward through the years.

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER III.

ABOUT SUCCESS.

DO you see that oleander? Beautiful, is n't it? Do you know its rich foliage and superb flowers are an embodiment of human thought and care? To be sure God planned it—made its model away in Palestine possibly—but a sorry chance would the purpose to produce its like have in this ill-natured climate, unless a human heart were found whose love for the beautiful would second this Divine plan—I speak reverently and to a purpose—a patient hand, to shelter and care for the tender, glorious thing. Yes, the oleander stands for an exquisite thought of God, wrought out by human carefulness. My neighbor, Mrs. A., undertook to bring about this style of home ornament; but failing to study its needs, she treated it precisely as she did her roses and geraniums, and it died of thirst. Mrs. B.'s oleander did splendidly the first Summer; but she left it by an open window one Autumn night, when a ravening frost was prowling about, and the next day the poor thing was dead. The "olive plants" that God sets "about the tables" of human culturists often fare but little better, I fear.

The Divine thought of a Christian family, wrought out by our friends, the Morlands, did not develop itself through its own inherent strength. It had taken prayerful, workful years to bring it as near perfection as we find it.

Mrs. Morland had brain power enough to have made her more than a mediocre student, author, or artist. She had set out in life with a flinty determination hidden away in her heart, like the wedge of gold under Achan's tent—a determination to be somewhat in the literary and artistic world. It was God's plan for her to do this at second-hand—work in silence and darkness, if need be, as do the stout roots. He sets feeling through the soil for its strength, to send skyward in tree branches. His requisition upon her was not for one pair of hands, one brain, one heart to work for him, but these quadrupled, their strength refined, sublimated in a Christian home. Of course, according to the fashion of such strong natures she had her rebellion, with its immeasurable bitterness. At last her resolute feet stumbled, and she sunk beside a little grave that seemed to hide the best of her life away in its gloom. One glorious and gentle lifted her up and comforted her, for her white lips murmured, "Not

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my will, but Thine." Then she accepted her life mission, and set about working what she thought and felt of the beautiful and good into the young lives placed in her hands. Her children were her anthem, her painting, her poem; and infinitely more happy and honored was she in them than many lonely ones who

"Sit still

On Wint'ry nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising the far off."

So it came about that with the young people of the household the mother was the autocrat of the æsthetic, the social, the spiritual. Their father had watched over them with a stout, practical, Greatheart care, but their mother had wrought her ambitions, and culture, and life into theirs.

One boisterous Winter evening the Morlands were sitting about the fire, in a wondrously quiet mood for them of late. Harry was home, for the holidays' vacation, and a merry time they were having.

"It seems hugely nice not to have sleighing, or skating, or company on hand to-night," said the young collegian, throwing himself back in his arm-chair in a comfortable way. "Most time for father, is n't it?" glancing at his watch.

"Hope he'll bring me a letter from Chum, and Sis'll hear from her essay," glancing toward Mary, who was stitching dozily, her thoughts weaving themselves into a pretty, waking dream.

"What did you say, Harry? O yes, yes, I think I've waited about long enough."

"They must have decided about the prizes weeks ago. I just wish I had them by the nape o' the neck, I'd hurry them up."

"For my part, Harry, I do n't blame them. I presume my essay was n't of much account beside the rest."

"Now, Sis, you're provoking! You know better! I'll warrant they won't have a better thing than yours in the whole lot."

"There's one good thing, Harry," said the mother cheerfully, "Mary do n't have to write for bread."

"But, mother, what is the reason young writers have to have such a wretched time of it before they can get any sort of recognition?" Harry put the question a little petulantly. Mary, next older than himself, timid and shrinking, had been the object of his boyish care ever since he donned his first pair of boots. All the chivalric force of his wide-awake vital nature went toward shielding her. These trying encounters with that rough, old clown, the world, incident to her first attempts at author-

ship, vexed him sorely. Without stopping for an answer he ran on: "Now, Mary may send them a first-rate article—a hundred times better than lots they publish, but because she's a new writer she must be kept waiting weeks and months before she knows what they're going to do with it. They won't use her so when she gets established and don't need their help. It just seems as though these literary umpires were a set of savages, determined to kill off every aspirant that comes within their reach. Look at Keats! such a splendid fellow! They murdered him outright. And Byron—they might better have finished him than to have mixed the wormwood and gall all through his life, as they did. And poor Charlotte Brontë! what a time she had of it! Even in this country, where the best places are open to every body, it is just about equivalent to courting martyrdom to try to get position as a writer—especially for a woman."

"A pretty strong statement, my son. I think I shall have to defend the literary craft. If I'm not mistaken they act in this matter very much as other people do. Monopolies are the rule in this selfish world, you know. The only way to get up, is to climb upon some one else's shoulders. The very idea of your being *up*, implies some other men being *down*. People who *will be up*, very soon get a trick of patting the back that can lift most for them. When a "rising man" has a call to help another, his first instinctive query is, 'Will it help *me*?—bring *me* business?—give *me* influence?' And, Harry, with all your fine philanthropies, unless you have that deep, self-abnegating piety that makes a man look upon men as Christ did you will find yourself, when you get into the pastorate, making your best clerical bow to people whose names sound well in a church or congregation; who carry influence—help with them. You can't deny that too many ministers seem to do this, and if they fail at this point, what can we expect of men in other professions! Now, about this prize; I did n't much expect Mary would get it. Suppose the choice to have lain between her essay and that of one whose literary reputation is established. She has name—Mary has not. They give her the prize, though her article may have less merit. They pay their money and get an equivalent—part essay, part name. 'Mrs. So and So, author of such and such popular works, writes for this magazine! A splendid thing!' Do n't you see? It pays!"

"I do n't care, mother, if it does pay; it's all wrong—miserably wrong!"

"Yes, Harry, it's the general understanding

that our social machinery is grievously out of repair. As Christians, we must do what we can to right things. But I can't see that editors and publishers are so much more reprehensible than other people. We meet this thing every-where. Just go into a first-class city store. If your dress is plain and cheap, indicating that you have n't a superfluity of greenbacks to spend, the clerks will hardly notice you. If you ask for an article, they'll throw it down with a take-that-or-none air. But let a mighty madam, in silks and furs, sweep in, and instantly they're all attention. Nothing is too much trouble. 'It is so much, madam, but *to you* we'll make it,' etc. The very ones who do n't need a good bargain get it, because with their money they give the *prestige* of their names. 'A splendid silk, ma'am; I sold Mrs. Hon. So and So a dress of it only yesterday.' How ridiculous all this must look to the pitying angels, who watch over poor struggling humanity; but how terrible it must look when they meet it in God's house, shutting out and driving away Christ's weary, heart-hungry poor!"

The mother's voice was low and full of feeling. Its sad cadences echoed earnestly through the strong, young souls before her. At length Harry broke the silence.

"I know it's all as you say, mother, and yet of all people those who aspire to literary position feel the grinding of this coarse selfishness most keenly—suffer most neglect, and most often fail of success. Now, why is it?"

"Put him to the proof, please, mother. Make him show that they do have so much worse time of it than younglings in other professions."

"Keep still, if you please, 'Squire,' mother's lawyer enough for me."

"James's hint is a good one. I must deny your premises, Harry. Take law, for instance. Success in that profession means to stand abreast of thousands of men, who make a good living and look forward to a seat in Congress. Now if James, after ten years' practice, attains that position, we shall be satisfied with his success. Mind, this will not bring him into competition with the first order of legal talent, senators, supreme judges, and the like. Give Mary the same number of years in her profession, and Fannie in hers, and they will not be regarded successful unless they stand beside the very first authors and artists—a coterie of geniuses that you can almost count upon your fingers. Further to climb, do n't you see? And then the pecuniary view of the case. The further you go from the physical, the less the pay

in dollars and cents. Lawyers help people get money, and they're willing to pay for it. Writers and artists offer them fine thoughts, but they're so engrossed in the bread-and-butter question they'll hardly give their wares a look, unless there's power enough in them to force attention."

"There, mother, I fancy for once I'm getting the start of you. You denied my premises at first, and now you admit them."

"Not so fast, my son. In talking about success we've taken the superficial, world-side view of it—the pecuniary. Now let us look at real success. What is it?"

"Why, doing a big thing and having it appreciated."

"Well, what is the greatest thing a man is capable of? Is n't it doing his life-work after God's plan? Be it great or small by the world's measurement, *this only is success*. God sets men weaving their life-web. Some follow his pattern. The world may not applaud—'appreciate,' as you say; nevertheless, they are a success. Others try to work in a figure of their own—tangle the warp, waste the woof, please men, displease Heaven. They are a failure! God may set a man to make a book. It may struggle feebly from the press. The critics may think it not worth throttling. It may lie hidden for years, like the wheat in the mummy's hand; but when God's time to use it comes, its vitality will force itself through contempt and neglect; it will come forth an agency of power. I take it to be the grandest thing that can happen to a man, no matter whether the world gives him thousands or begrudges him a crust, for God to utter one of his own glorious truths through his lips or pen. Look at Wesley. He brought to his work brain-power, executive ability, enough to have made him Premier of Great Britain—culture of the highest order—years of closest thought and hardest toil. What were his personal gains, as the world reckons? Mobs, domestic trials, calumny, poverty. And yet Wesley did just the things God made him to do, and we regard his life any thing but a failure.

"There was Luther, with his gigantic strength and Herculean labors, not a whit behind those of the First Napoleon. He never rose higher than a simple doctorate of theology. No title, no broad lands, no grand retinue, no crown, no scepter, as this world goes, and yet what a success was his life! I love to think of the sublime old man in his threadbare cap and gown, as he walked away from the University, turning with a wave of his kingly hand to silence those sturdy German students who were shout-

ing, 'Luther forever! Luther forever!' 'No, no, young men, Jesus Christ forever! Jesus Christ forever!'"

Mrs. Morland paused. Her little audience were looking upon her beautiful, glowing face with intent, enkindled eyes. Harry was the first to speak.

"Why, mother, you're real eloquent! I've wondered scores of times why you never took the rostrum as a lecturer."

"It seems, my son, God has given me a select group of listeners. He may mean me to speak through their lips and lives some time."

"Please go on with what you were saying, mother."

"Yes, I was going to speak of Paul. You often hear of his culture, his Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Though he lived when thought was crude—most of it in the mines—yet his writings are a study for the first intellects of this ripe era. Paul had perils, and scourgings, and dungeons, and at last martyrdom; and yet I hardly think you would call Paul a failure. And then the Savior, Jesus; we reach the climax in him. A life of sorrows—a death of shame—yet how glorious a success!"

"But, mother," said Fannie, after a little reverent hush, "you've spoken of only the people that God set to do the wonderful things. They could afford to wait. It was coming out so gloriously by and by. They would be remembered and loved centuries after the pompous little kings and queens were forgotten. What about the thousands of common folks, like us, who feel such aspirations to do, and be, and get on in the world, and yet whose way is so constantly hedged up?"

"I think, child, you forget those lines of Lowell,

'We see dimly in this present, what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron
helm of fate.'

Nobody knows whether God has given him a great or a little work. God does n't want his laborers to bother their heads about that question at all. They are to work to the top of their strength self-forgetfully, and he will take care of the results. I doubt whether Wesley, and Luther, and Paul, as they plodded on, step by step, had any sort of idea they were immortalizing themselves. Indeed, I presume that was the least of their care. As Mary said in one of our talks last Summer, they merged self in a great cause. The way to fame and position seemed to lie just contrary to where God was leading them; but they said, 'Never mind.

We count all things loss for the work of God; and he gave them just what they had given up for him."

"James, don't you remember," asked Fannie, "reading me one of your college pieces two or three years ago, down in the arbor one vacation? It was something about what mother's been talking of."

"Yes," musingly, "O yes, I do recall something of the sort. Rather worldly and commonplace beside mother's talk, though."

"You have it yet, have n't you?"

"Let's have it, Jem."

"Please, James, we'd all like to hear it."

"Do, Jamie, I know it's first-rate."

The young gentleman went a little reluctantly to his room for the essay. During his absence the conversation rippled on in the same channel, but nothing particularly noteworthy was said. Presently he returned, and seating himself by the lamp, began to read.

HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD.

Ah, that's the question, and a difficult achievement does it concern, as many an aspiring young American can testify. One of the most obvious differences between us and our transatlantic *confrères* lies in the direction of the "rising" propensity. Where monarchies, petty and *magnifiques*, shadow the soil, there is a dead, rusty, creaking, grinding-on of the old machine, year after year—no matter how brainless the upper stratum—no matter what hard hunger for the beautiful and good gnaws the souls of the unwashed delvers. The great, dark, crushing thing is upon them; its iron paw holding every thing in place till the strain becomes too intense somewhere—something gives way, and then

"The brute despair of trampled centuries

Leaps up with one hoarse yell, and snaps its bands,

Gropes for its rights with bony, callous hands,

And stares around for God, with bloodshot eyes."

This they call a revolution, and only a revolution of the grinding machine it generally proves. It turns some of the crazed, purblind diggers up to the light, rolls some of the imbeciles under, and down they sink to the old, effortless, hopeless, Dead Sea changelessness. Not so in this land of free schools and a free press. The corner-stone of the Republic, human equality, gives every man a standing-place; and if it is in him to rise to competence, respectability, eminence, he has the opportunity. But how? The *modus operandi*—that is what we want.

I think but three things are essential to success on this continent, in this latitude. If you

had chanced to be born across the water your future would almost inevitably have shaped itself according to the sound of your father's name. If the like misfortune had happened to you in the oligarchal portion of our own country it would have depended altogether upon whether you came to consciousness with a whip in your hand or with a whip on your back; whether you were "poor white trash" under the heel, or the aristocratic heel grinding itself into "poor white trash." As you were fortunate enough to be born where talent and worth are the acknowledged orders of nobility, the only conditions of your success are *toil, time, trust*.

One of the myths of the past is the fatalism attending the advent of human beings into this world; electing one to the guardianship of a good genius; leaving another to the tender mercies of a superintending demon; while the destiny of a third is determined by the star that happened to be in the ascendant when he drew his first breath of pain. Fatalism, whether from the Stoa, the Crescent, or Geneva, is vanishing before the clear, incisive thinking of this nineteenth century. Every man holds his own fate; that is the formula now. Given a decent amount of good, sound brain, a certain quantum of work, a patient number of years, a firm trust in the Overruling, and the result is a man!

Agassiz defines genius "a capacity for an infinity of work." The young man who wants a place in the airy, elegant "upper rooms," the doors of which are so temptingly ajar, need not fold his arms and wait for a Providential tilt into a large medical, legal, or any other sort of practice. He must begin at the alpha and work his way up; work till the muscles are weary, aching, sore; work till the brain throbs and trembles with the strain; work, work, work—morning, noon, and night. Yes, young man, you must work, and wait, and trust. If you have leisure—and beginners are not apt to be overburdened with patronage—do not idle or lounge it away; or worse, waste it in habits you will give an eye to be rid of by and by. Acquaint yourself thoroughly with the details of your business or profession. Spend your cigar, and billiard, and theater money in books. Have a flinty "no" to fling at the tempter every time he comes whispering around about "fashionable amusements," "keeping up with the style of young men of your expectations."

Never be impatient of delay. Mushrooms grow in a night, but it takes a century to make an oak. Never chafe under discipline. It is a waste of nervous force—a "kicking against the pricks," that will subject you to

just so much more of the same thing—more wormwood tonic, more using of the scalpel, before you are the steady-nerved, well-poised man that can be trusted.

Men who have clambered up these rough, stony, thorny ways, and who might so easily reach down and pull you up, seem sometimes to exhibit a paganish indifference toward strugglers below them. Something after the fashion of music-teachers in Germany. A German music-student told me once that his teacher would kick him off the stool if he played an exercise wrong after being shown once or twice; thus goading him by sharp physical fear to the utmost of his capacity, "to see," as he said, "if there was any music in him."

These time-toughened M. D.'s, D. D.'s, and LL. D.'s regard it no mortal sin to hurl their pronged lightnings down upon the heads of ambitious climbers-up; "to see," as the German said, "if there's any thing in them." So you may as well bite back the pain, laugh off the hurt, look for the thin places in your armor, strengthen them, and crowd unflinching on.

But after all your working and enduring, your success can not be complete without a vital, obedient trust in the great and good God. He rules this world yet. The puny humans crawling about on this little ball find out, sooner or later, that the only real success is in working in harmony with the grand principles of right underlying his government.

It takes steady toil, patient years, and God's blessing to turn out a true, successful man.

James finished reading, and for a while the little company thought in silence.

"Well, Jem," said Harry at length, "I don't see but you understand the matter."

"I thought I did when I wrote the thing, but I see now, particularly after what mother has said, that I had my piece leveled at the wrong mark. Perhaps I hit. The boys seemed to think I did when I read it, but I think now I should take higher aim."

Silent thanksgivings went up from the mother's heart. Her voice was a little softer and deeper than before as she said, "A good sign, my son; a proof that you are growing. I like your essay. I think it might do good. Because we have been helped along into the higher mathematics and enjoy their problems best, it would be nonsense for us to talk only higher mathematics to beginners. Perhaps they ought to understand us; they may be old enough; they may have been in school long enough; but then they don't, and if we want to help them we must go down to their level and say what they can comprehend. Some good people miss

the mark in this thing. The higher modes of Christian life are so simple and easy to them they will talk nothing else, and seem sometimes to get sorely discouraged with the weak ones who can't understand them. Suppose a young man to know only the alphabet of Christianity. He is in all the more danger from the temptations to idleness and bad habits that you hint at. I would say, stir his self-respect and ambition till you've led him further along, and he can take in higher motives to effort. The primary school gives prizes and encourages emulation. Schools of philosophy expect men to study from the love of it. I want my children to aim at real success. Not getting an elegant home, having a fine reputation, plenty of money, flattery, and all that sort of thing; but doing God's will cheerfully, gladly, with just the surroundings it may please him to give them. The highest glory of a disciple is to be 'as his Lord.' Jesus might have come with a splendid retinue and lived in a magnificent palace, but 'for the joy that was set before him'—the joy of saving the perishing—and there's none like it. He 'endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!' That epitomizes a successful life. May God help us to keep it before us as our model, that 'we may be like him, and see him as he is!'"

HEART TREASURES.

BY NANNIE C. CUNNINGHAM.

My heart treasures are not diamonds
In their caskets laid away,
Costly for intrinsic value,
Flashing back the light of day.

Neither are my treasures golden,
Locked in coffers strong and true;
Hoarded by the past year's toilings
To buy pleasures for the new.

But my treasures are my children—
Sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth—
Fadeless jewels that shall brighten
In the new, celestial birth.

Two have eyes of midnight darkness,
Two have eyes of violet hue;
And we know not which are dearer,
Eyes of black or eyes of blue.

O, we thank thee, blessed Father,
For these dear gifts from above;
For the treasures thou hast given
To our store of earthly love!

May we keep them all untarnished,
Is the prayer we offer thee;
And when sundered here, in heaven
May we reunited be!

CHASTELARD, AND RECENT POETRY.*

EDITORIAL.

MR. SWINBURNE is the author of several quite popular poetic works—"The Queen Mother," "Rosamond," and "Atalanta in Calydon." The last is of itself sufficient to secure to him the poet's crown and make permanent the honorable position he holds in literature. The first two, while containing much that exhibits his power as a poet, add nothing to his fame, while his most recent production, Chastelard, although exhibiting no diminution of his poetic power, will rather detract from his reputation, at least among lovers of pure art. There is certainly a great descent from the story of the heroes who surrounded Meleager to the loves and follies of the French sycophants who hung round the court of Mary of Scotland; from the virgin huntress of Arcadia to the fair but false Scotch queen; and from a poem in which "was displayed pure, noble passion, highly wrought and simple, expressing itself in clear language, without confusion of character and incident," to a poem irregular, confused, unnatural, and extravagant, endeavoring to clothe in immortal verse the gayeties, frivolities, and intrigues of a licentious court.

The subject of the poem is an episode in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Chastelard was a gentleman of Dauphiné, of good family and fortune, brave and accomplished, beautiful in person, a poet and a singer. He had been at the court of Mary in France, and followed her to Scotland in the train of M. de Damville. Returning to France, he did not wish to engage in the religious wars, and so again visited Scotland. He gained the Queen's attention by his poetical effusions, and, finding that Mary deigned to read and admire them, he made her thenceforth the only theme of his presumptuous muse; conceived for her a violent passion, which led him to a boldness and audacity of behavior which demanded at last the interposition of the law. In February, 1562, he stole into the Queen's bed-chamber, where, in concealment, he awaited her coming. Discovered by her maids of honor, Mary, though much enraged at his conduct, did nothing more than reprimand him severely, and ordered him from her presence. Two nights afterward he insolently committed the same offense. Mary in vain commanded him to leave; he was deaf to both threats and entreaties, and the Queen

found it necessary, to save herself from violence at the hands of a madman, to summon assistance. Chastelard was seized, imprisoned, tried, and on the 22d of February was executed.

This is the whole story as history gives it. But how different is the story as poetized by Mr. Swinburne! Here the unholy passion of Chastelard is reciprocated; she answers his amorous songs; like a beautiful and treacherous tiger lures him on to his destruction by amorous and licentious advances; singles him out for special notice and attention in public; becomes jealous because of a pretended discovery of infidelity on the part of Chastelard; in her pique suddenly chooses and hastily marries Darnley; repents of her hasty marriage; meets Chastelard in her bridal chamber; confesses her love, but urges him to leave; he delays till discovered and arrested.

While Chastelard is in prison, Mary plays with her victim's life as a tigress with her vanquished prey. At one time she is determined to save him; at another she urges Murray to assassinate him. She beseeches Darnley for his release, knowing that the rousing of his jealousy will only make the doom of Chastelard more certain. Before an assembly of her lords she avows her purpose to save her lover, and sends him a reprieve. The enthusiastic lover refuses to accept it, and the Queen on the morning of his execution visits him in his cell, and the poet presents to us a scene of intensest passion, in which the Queen asserts her undying love for the madman, and her purpose yet to save him on the very scaffold itself or die with him. She is present at the execution, finds a new lover in the very presence of her expiring old one, and gayly returns in the company of "my lord of Bothwell!"

We have no fault to find with this poem as a work of art; the poetry in many passages is exquisite; the portraiture of the Queen, as the author conceives her character, is given with great skill; indeed, it is the very fact that Mr. Swinburne possesses such poetic force that makes us regret that he uses it so unworthily.

The poem is false to history. Darnley, Chastelard, Bothwell, and the Queen are brought on the scene together. The center of the tragedy around which revolve the events, and from which the character of the Queen must be judged in the poem, is her marriage with Darnley; and yet Chastelard was executed in 1562, and Darnley never saw the Queen till early in 1565, and probably never saw Chastelard at all. Again, the intensest part of this very intense poem is the scene in the prison an hour before the execution, and perhaps the

*Chastelard: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

most skillfully-dramatic stroke in the book, by which the character of the Queen is crushed by a single blow, is the last two lines which represent the fickle Queen as basely transferring her love at the scaffold itself from the dying Chastelard to Bothwell; and yet the intrigue with Bothwell began a considerable time after her marriage with Darnley. It may be allowable for the poet to introduce these masterly strokes, stamping a character by a single dash of the pen, when the person is a fictitious one of his own creating; but surely he has no right thus to distort history for the purpose of holding up to eternal shame a real, historic character.

The poem is therefore not only false to history, but it is shamefully unjust to the memory of the unhappy Queen of Scots. We do not intend to vindicate the character of Mary; at best it is involved in doubt and dispute. "She may have been a beautiful fiend or a terribly-wronged and innocent woman." Mr. Swinburne assumes the former, and with all the power of the poetic art, and in a poem ablaze with the flame of passion, presents the Queen to us as a fickle and passionate, lustful and heartless monster, developing this character from an episode in her life which in scarcely any particular does he render true to history. Mary is painted a harlot, and Chastelard her paramour. It may be said by some that her character is correctly drawn in this poem. With that we have nothing to do at present. Our affirmation is that Mr. Swinburne draws this wretched character from an episode in her life which he distorts from beginning to end. He might have done differently; he surely might have found in the real life and death of that most unhappy Queen a better subject for his pen, one that would have made a more thrilling poem, full of lessons for the world, and which his genius might have made most poetical and artistic—a tragedy almost without a parallel in history. He chose otherwise, and gave us a passionate love-story, unjust to the memory of the Queen, instead of the really mournful tragedy of her life.

But doubtless Mr. Swinburne did what he intended to do. He selected his subject not for the sake of a grand and touching tragedy, nor even to present a portraiture of the Queen of Scots, but as a center around which to weave an intense love poem. This he has achieved. From beginning to end it is love-talk, with a perpetual undercurrent of lewdness. It boils over with passion; it is the poetry of lust; it is the latest and maddest love poem of the century. Its love, too, is of the basest kind,

physical, sensuous, passionate. Moral feeling is utterly wanting, not only in Mary and Chastelard, but in all the other characters. There is not a single noble thought in the book. Of course we shall quote none of these passages, against which we utter our protest. There is a phase in this intense passion that becomes startling and blasphemous. Chastelard says Mary is "the one thing good as God"—and that "it were joy enough for God's eyes up in heaven, only to see" this paragon of beauty; and that God himself would be so much in love with her beauty that he could not punish her for her crimes!

It is painful to see this current of lewdness pervading so much of our recent literature; to find our best poets, with a delicateness and skill of which they only are capable, poisoning the best poetry of the age with this stream of sensuality. We find no fault with the highest and most artistic treatment of the true, and pure, and beautiful, and earnest affection of human love. But it is not love, it is a low, sensual, physical passion—in a word, it is lust that pervades this book and not a few like it. Mr. Tennyson has stooped once to the same thing, and has given us in *Maud* a mad love-story unworthy of him, and perhaps serving as the inspiration to the school that has followed. A little while ago Mr. Story, our American sculptor, gave us through the pages of *Blackwood* an intense and passionate portraiture of Cleopatra, unnatural and extravagant in the highest degree. It has been extensively copied into popular journals. A short time since "Owen Meredith" gave us "*The Apple of Life*," in which the beautiful conceptions of the Song of Solomon are put in the mouths of two lewd women, one of them the Shulamite herself. The most finished character in the poem, who also utters the best poetry of the book, is an Egyptian harlot. In Mr. Swinburne's Chastelard John Knox is introduced, not in person, but reflected in a shadow of fanaticism, bigotry, and superstition.

It is, perhaps, vain and useless to protest against this poison of lewdness and infidelity that is diffusing itself in recent literature, but we can protest against its introduction into Christian and moral households. If our poets will taint their works with this foulness, they lay us under obligation to receive their works with suspicion, and to shut them out from our homes till we have discovered whether we can safely allow them the place on our center-tables which we desire to give to the poets. If they will write the poetry of lust, let their auditors be those who sympathize with them.

THE GENTLEMAN.

BY HON. G. F. DISSEWAY.

"A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days.
 The shepherds heard it overhead,
 The joyful angels raised it then;
 Glory to heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men."

THIS is punning on the word "*gentle*" in gentleman, and found often in English literature. Its origin and investigation are both curious and instructing. Gentle originally meant gentlefolk and gentleman, just as we say in our day, "*of a family*." In the Middle Ages this meaning gave the word such an honorable and cherished meaning.

A prioress, about the commencement of the fifteenth century, wrote a book on Armory. She was distinguished for learning and beauty, and begins her work with this piece of heraldry: "Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profetys, and also the king of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne, very God and man; after his manhooe kynge of the land of Jude and of Jues, gentilman by his moder Mary, prince of cote-armure."

Who does not remember how his heart glowed in the days of childhood when teachers or parents, with smiling approbation, said, "You are a little gentleman!" The most eminent schoolmasters should consider it their highest aim to make the scholars under their charge feel like Christian gentlemen. Whenever an officer of our army or navy is tried for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman," and the court pronounces him guilty of the charge, his character is ruined. "On the word of a gentleman" is considered next to an oath, or equivalent to its solemn character; and to say, "You are no gentleman," is a charge most degrading among men of education and respectability. Lord Erskine, one of England's greatest advocates, once said while pleading, "He is an *English gentleman*, the best thing a man can be;" and when the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas, wished to impress the English ambassador that he was speaking with the most perfect sincerity and truth, he remarked, "Now I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a *gentleman*."

The eminent Judge Talfourd, of England, made a most remarkable expression shortly

before his sudden death. In the public theater the defendant of the case had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me; I am a gentleman and you are a tradesman." "Gentleman," said the learned Judge, "is a term which does not apply to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artisan who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however big his station."

We embrace this definition of the greatly-abased term, coming, as it does, from the bench, and in a land where custom, fashion, or usage greatly circumscribes its true meaning. In Great Britain every man above the cast of a yeoman, embracing noblemen, have been reckoned gentlemen; but in a more limited and exclusive sense a man is a gentleman who, without title, bears a coat of arms, or whose ancestors were freemen.

In our own happy land, where, thank God! we have no well-born classes, privileged orders, or titles by law, the term is applied to men of education and good breeding of every occupation and pursuit. A man of politeness and civil manners will ever be distinguished among us from the vulgar and clownish. Franklin truly says: "A plowman on his legs is higher than a *gentleman* on his knees."

We need not lose time in giving the well-known etymologies of the word or its meaning in the English law. These may be readily found by the curious in Blackstone's Commentaries and other books of reference. Some are native gentlemen, happily born so, like natural poets, orators, and artists. I have seen negro slaves in my travels obliging, dignified, polite, true, and pious—real gentlemen in their humble spheres.

How amusing it is to us in the middle of the enlightened nineteenth century to read the antiquarian enthusiasts of England! One observes "that there are four several qualities or degrees of gentility arising from the grant of coat-armour. One who inherits a coat-of-arms from his father is styled a gentleman of birth; if he derives it from his grandfather he is termed a gentleman of blood; and if he succeeds to the same from his great-grandfather, or other more distant progenitor, he is entitled a gentleman of ancestry; if he obtains the grant himself he is simply a gentleman of coat-armour. From these facts it is readily seen

that when once a family is created by a grant of heraldic honors, it obtains, at every remove from the founder, an added dignity in the scale of descent and an acknowledged precedence of worth and estimation as compared with others of later origin. The admirers of ancient blood look with comparatively little respect on arms granted at a period subsequent to the reign of the Tudors, and venerate with an almost superstitious regard the possessors of arms deduced from the era of Plantagenets. There are still appointments connected with the court which can only be filled by gentlemen of ancient families; and it is much to be regretted that the good and wise regulation which excluded from the profession of the bar all but gentlemen of four descents of coat-armor was ever rescinded."

The immortal Shakspeare seems to have fallen into this false notion of a gentleman, for throughout his entire works the term is almost exclusively used either for a nobleman or one of the higher classes. It scarcely ever designates the true modern gentleman, although the great dramatic poet uses the word in five hundred different places.

The boasted spirit of chivalry and the cavalier was much distinguished by dress, plume, and lace, but the modern gentleman shuns such gaudy external distinctions, and his refinement manifests itself in a more reasonable and plainer way. Whatever the earlier knights possessed of value we have in our day, and the world for untarnished honor and truthfulness now stands far above them. We do not mean the puny idol of modern fashion, decked with tinsel imitations of pure gold, for true gentility, but the real patterns of virtue and religion, who always manifest an active, ready, inward manliness in their gentleman-like conduct as the natural result of a refined, polished mind.

We must not omit the great importance of a gentlemanly spirit in all our international transactions. It mitigates greatly the hardships of cruel war, and very few things aid more in promoting and welcoming peace among the belligerent than such a spirit in rulers, officers, and men toward their enemies. Prince Eugene and the great Duke of Marlboro, immortalized themselves as much by their kind treatment of prisoners as by their bravery. Their noble and generous conduct in this respect has been grafted in the modern law of war, and now forms a striking characteristic of our Christian civilization. Take even princes and noblemen, made so by law or custom, in their own lands, the men of "family," and out of their stations

they are no better than a mechanic or rustics. No matter what their positions, there is no difference of their *persons*. Such boast a superiority of their persons by *birth*, but surely there is nothing in this, for they *entered* into life just like others, and, having done good or evil for a few days or years, they go out of it in the same way.

Some arrogate to themselves honor from their *titles*, but who wants to be informed that title is one thing and *honor* another? As is a person's behavior so should be the regard that is due to him. With respect merely to the *body*, the laborer is just as tall, straight, and as strong, swift, handsome, healthy, and often more so, than the prince, nobleman, or proud shoddyman among us; that the body of the one is to be deposited in Westminster Abbey or Greenwood and of the other in the humble churchyard, makes no difference. What becomes of the soul after this is as much the concern of the laborer as the courtier or fancied gentleman.

The famed Patricians among the Romans was a title given to the descendants of the fortunate senators chosen by Romulus, and by him called "Patres"—fathers. They were then only Roman nobility, as distinguished from the Plebeians, or populace, or common people. But how fleeting was boasted Roman honors! Genealogies becoming obscure from length of time and changes in the government of the "eternal city," a new order of Patricians was created, depending not on *birth*, but the Emperor's favor for *nobility*. In process of time, the Plebeians broke through their illiberal restraints with true Roman spirit, claiming a participation in the high places of trust, dignity, and emolument. And their power gradually increased till it overmatched the Patricians, and they were not the only gentlemen in old Rome.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

REAL religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired; but for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communication with God, to retire into his closet and transact all his affairs with an unseen Savior, to walk with God like Enoch, yet to smite upon his breast in the language of the publican, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus—these are the life and acts of a new creature.—*Cecil*.

WOMAN.

BY EVE DICKINSON.

WOMAN, woman's rights, woman's duties, and now woman's needs have been respectively introduced before the public, discussed, quizzed, and at last dropped into the abyss of things that were. But unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately for those who require some new thing to interest them, woman herself is very nearly where she was, and, sorry to say, what she was. Just like a stream which some disturbing power has raked up till every thing which can float or swim, even the mud from its bed, has soiled, and muddled, and been on its surface, each in turn or all together, till the very character of the water appeared changed. Let the cause of all this be withdrawn, and in a little while you see the stream obedient to the laws of Him who created it and gave it a path to run in, flowing on with as much purity in its waters, as much music in its tone, and, for all we can see, doing just as well and as little as it did before.

If you would alter that stream you must dig another channel, let it flow through different earths, imbibe other qualities from its new juxtaposition, and you may turn the gentle, singing rivulet into a sparkling, dashing, astounding cascade, by flaming its natural flow and digging a pit deep enough, with rocky surroundings hard enough to force it into its new course. But some time, when in your gratified rest after the accomplishment of your improvement, you have forgotten something, or neglected something, or had not anticipated something, for occasionally man is a trifle fallible, your stream becomes impeded accidentally, the water at its source becomes choked and can not follow its new bed, or for some reason there is not room to carry off its rapid accumulation of water; while you are sleeping it breaks its artificial barriers and sweeps every thing before it, may be you too, and, obedient to its nature, seeks the level established by its Creator and finds it.

So woman, put her in an artificial position, surround her with all the adulation that fashion and folly can permit to cluster and fall from the lips of man, naturally her fancy's ideal, and you have the lovely, sparkling belle of society, turned into the heartless, or, I would rather say, thoughtless, reckless wife of the disgraceful domestic dramas which are so often paraded before the public.

Educate another of fine natural ability to think she is a wonder; that her intellect is equal

to any of her friends; that her judgment is as good as So and So, and her opinion is quite as valuable as Mr. Some One Else; that such brilliancy should not be hid under that domestic bushel, the kitchen, and in a short time her ambition is excited, she disdains the duties of home-life, and sighs in discontented idleness, or launches forth, determined to establish her right to an equal place with her life-long compeer, man. She becomes the idol for the moment of a class of men whose homage she wins as much by her youth and novelty as her eloquence, or, rarer still, wins their sincere admiration by her honesty and singleness of heart. But, alas! those who worship her are they from whom she turns away disappointed and sick at heart. Those to whom her spirit bows are still above her. These around her she feels in her inmost soul are neither her equals in talent, or intellect, or, saddest of all, in morals. Then she must either give up the race or reach higher yet and fail; for seldom does a monarch voluntarily give up his crown and place it on another's brow, and if woman really wins she is either an unacknowledged superior, or she sits enthroned on a glittering summit, but glittering in all the coldness of Mt. Blanc, and contrasts her elevated grandeur with the warmth and beauty of the fruitful valleys at her feet. Fortunately few reach this point. Her want of strength or her taste wins her from so cheerless a destiny. She either hides her half-won laurels under a husband's name, or lays them on the cradle of her boy to wither till his hand twines them around his manly brow.

In the present day a new want is discovered—something for woman to do. People are quite concerned. She is pushing the young men out of the stores; she is selling tape and needles, or she can do so; she is considered an excellent waiter at table, far superior, the gentlemen say, to men; but do ladies think so? It is even discovered that she can make a tolerable copyist; but, better than all, she does not ask as much for her work. That is a great point, and tells strongly in her favor. For though philanthropy is fashionable and very pleasant to talk about, and hear about, it is always more fashionable and more charming when the purse does not have to be undrawn very far.

It is not clear what has created the present urgent need; whether the avenues of domestic life are all crowded, all the woman's work done and she has to sit with her hands folded, or is getting into the mischief that folks used to say was prepared for idle hands to do. Worst of all, are woman's wants increasing in a greater ratio than her means of supply, or is the doc-

trine of the equalization of the sexes still in vogue? and women now outnumbering men, whose ranks have been thinned five hundred thousand during the war, and the public does not know what to do with her.

In this dilemma the old proverb, that Hercules helps those who first try to help themselves, might be a good watchword. In the first place, if woman is to occupy a new place in society; in plain words, if she is going to work and maintain herself, she will have to educate herself for it. This has not been a part of her education in this country. She has been taught that she loses caste if she makes her living by any kind of manual labor. It will be difficult to divest society of this prejudice for a time—to meet the averted eye, the scornful lip, the toss of the head, and the cut direct of the *crème de la crème*. Adaptation to circumstance is soon learned, however, for necessity is a good teacher, though an exacting one. But a part of female education, generally neglected more or less, is keeping accounts. Perhaps not one half of the young women of our day have the least idea what becomes of the money they so freely spend, or could make out a fair and intelligible account of their yearly expenses, and make it balance without an awful gap. Habits of order and method have been sorely neglected among young ladies. Trained as they are and have been to one idea, that, like a fashionable novel, their lives and exertions terminate in marriage, they hide their deficiencies in other arts in the sacred precincts of the family circle.

Woman can be better educated, better and nobler. With all her wealth of kindly feeling, all her inherent gentleness, and tender sympathies, she is like some sweet-toned instrument, that in the hands of an accomplished musician will pour forth notes of ravishing melody or impassioned fervency, while the strings thrum, and wail, and grate under the harsh and rough touch of inexperience. Woman knows her destiny, at least all have a faint but clear idea of it, if not crushed out by the iron heel of a fate which she never voluntarily seeks. She feels that to her belong the amenities of life; that kindness and gentleness are or ought to be her province, that home is her especial refuge. Let woman's educators and lawgivers take her with a full and correct knowledge of her nature, all their teachings having reference to the place her Creator intended her to occupy, and there will be less anxiety and time expended on the place she ought to fill, and the part she is to play in the economy of nature.

But educated or not, woman is just where she was at the beginning, man's helpmeet,

whether she admits it or not; whether she assumes the supremacy, or whether, in the language of an old pioneer, long since passed into rest, "man is the head and woman the neck, but the neck turns the head." Whether for the time in an assumed or her natural place, she must, like the river, obey the law of her nature and find her level, and does so in spite of all resistance. She is man's helpmeet and the educator of his children. The highest encomium she could wish is her Creator's decision. After saying, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," he says, "it is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a helpmeet for him." Here is her place, the patent of her equality. Man was made in the likeness of his God, and woman is a helpmeet for him.

But forgetting her high destiny she turns to follies. She raises an altar in her heart, and, forsaking the God who made her, she places thereon an idol of earth, and bows soul and body before it. Turning from the duties which were destined for her, she occupies her time in things too frivolous for an immortal being. And when the path she blindly treads leads to ruin, she beats her breast and grovels in the dust, where lie the shattered remnants of her earthly idol. But even here a star sheds its feeble light in her darkness. The promise that her seed should bruise the serpent's head; that between her and the temptation which lured her from right there is eternal war; that from her feeble nature should spring the Hope of Israel, the Redeemer from all sin, gives her bruised heart a hope to rest on. With hope in her breast she is almost re-created. She goes forth to give that hope to others. Now she tries to fill her right place; her heart beats grateful for her redemption from folly, and steadily turning from the seductions of pleasure she tries to win her mate, the cause and front of her offense, to tread the new path with her. Her character comes out, no rebuff turns her from her purpose, no scorn stops her. With her whole heart in her effort, her whole treasure in her venture, it is do or die. No persuasion is untried, no sacrifice of comfort or gratification too great, if but by that she can win. Buoyed on by hope and backed by the knowledge of right, she presses on till success or death closes the scene. Such is woman. Full of warm and gentle feeling, prone to idolatry, weak in her follies, but strong and enduring in sorrow, she walks beside man either his idol or his slave, seldom appreciated, rarely understood, never altogether despised, because by the fiat of the Creator she is a helpmeet for man.

TO A BIRD.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O SWEET throat, up in the tree,
 What do you hear or see
 To make you so full of glee?
 While I listen, and listen below,
 Yet, wondering, never can know
 What you mean by your strange delight—
 For your world is all out of sight
 Of my questioning soul—can I guess
 What your tender, sweet tones express
 So akin to my longings, that I,
 As I listen intently, and try
 To interpret the soul of your song,
 Can almost believe we belong
 Indeed to no different sphere;
 And that now, as I linger here,
 I have stolen the silver key
 To your liquid-sweet language—that we
 Henceforth in our kinship shall know
 Of the thoughts and the raptures that grow
 In our souls at the sight of the dawn,
 Or the great white clouds sailing on
 In the far, solemn calm of the sky,
 And that you, as you soar so high,
 And soaring still singing so,
 Can surely but choose to know
 What I think as I wait below
 To watch your free flight? but, nay,
 I know if I listen all day,
 And wonder as much as I may,
 That I have no power to explore
 The depth of your mystical lore—
 That I never can learn any more
 What you struggle to say when you sing.
 Is it sorrow or joy that can bring
 Such a passion of speech? for I know
 That the uttermost rapture of bliss
 Is so near to despair that a miss
 Of a hair's breadth would make it all one
 Whether straight from beyond the sun
 Our souls caught the key-note of song,
 Or were buried in anguish—not long,
 O dear Bird, the distance—the speech
 Of the soul does not differ for each.

So how can I tell what you mean,
 As, longing, I listen and lean
 To your music? O, strange,
 How all-separate still is the range
 Of our spirits. Dear Bird, can you see
 How we two could ever agree
 In our notion, we'll say, of this flower—
 This violet bloom of an hour
 In the bright April grass? Could you tell
 How that live bud could gather, and swell,
 And break into bloom, and, as well,
 Vanish, after a day, out of sight?
 O, when you sing low at night
 Do you think of the souls of the flowers?
 Are they nearer to you than ours?
 Do you know where they go when they fade
 Out of memory? Know you what made

The gold of my crocus grow dim
 In the dark of the night while I slept?
 O, I wonder if any thing wept
 In the wide world over its death,
 Do you know? When the delicate breath
 Of the lily floats out on the wave,
 And it sinks unmourned to its grave,
 Where is it? Do you ever go
 To a land where the soul of its snow
 Is abloom again? Who can tell?
 O Bird, it were just as well
 To question the wind as you—
 The sweet western wind that blew
 Through the trees this morning—you sing—
 But for all the answers you bring
 To my questions—you might be still—
 For, sing as much as you will,
 You are dumb to my soul—O Bird,
 I have wondered sometimes, when I heard
 From the tree-top your tremulous trill,
 If the spirits, that walk with us still,
 Can understand better our speech
 Than I yours; and if, each to each—
 The human and heavenly—are strange;
 If they are so out of our range
 That they can not tell what we say—
 Or know whether we praise or pray.

O, Bird, it may be—for 't is true—
 As little as I know of you—
 Human souls get no nearer than this
 To each other—no height of his bliss,
 No depth of his sorrow can one
 Express for another or feel.
 O dear Bird, our woe or our weal
 Is our own. Sing on your own song
 And I mine; it will not be long
 For you or for me till we cease.
 O Bird, let us be, then, at peace
 With ourselves and each other—since one
 Is the hand that hath made us, and done
 For us each what was best. We can see
 Not so much of God's purpose that we
 Can afford to stop song to complain.
 And, Bird, not a song is in vain:
 Somebody, surely, will hear and know,
 And, mayhap, your simple song will grow
 In the life of some loving human heart,
 Till its tender tones shall form a part
 In its own language of joy or pain;
 So that some other soul, hearing again,
 Shall be soothed and softened to sweeter speech.
 Who can tell how far your song my reach?
 How long the sweet sound of your voice may be
 heard?
 Sing on, sing on, O blithesome Bird!

O FOR a bliss unbounded! Far beneath
 A soul immortal is a mortal joy;
 Nor are our powers to perish immature,
 But, after feeble effort here, beneath
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
 Shall flourish fair and put forth all their bloom.

FATE.

BY MARIE COLLINS.

IN the old mythology the three fateful sisters were peculiarly prominent. The idea of destiny seemed so indisputable that none doubted. Man was not the arbiter of his own destiny. The thread of his life was spun without his assistance of the length and quality that suited the caprice of the Fates, and then unceremoniously severed and his reluctant soul plunged into the dark realm of Pluto. All noble achievements were wrought because "*sic volvere Parcae*"—all ignoble acts attributable to the urgings of dark destiny. The most noble of the Latin poems—the *Æneid*—is saturated with this belief.

This idea of destiny and necessity seems so natural to our fallen nature that, more or less modified, it has come down through the ages even to us. Reading lately the works of one of the greatest and strongest writers of the century we were struck by this elegant passage: "In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny reappears continually." Is this so? Are the best, noblest lives marred by destiny? Can no pure, unsoiled surface be given to the statue of life?

We look upon our own lives. This place we intended should be perfect—beautiful. We carefully studied our models, earnestly and prayerfully set about our task, but as we're progressing satisfactorily, lo! before our astonished eyes appears the black vein where we so desired perfect whiteness. Our life is indeed marred by no apparent fault of our own. We see *now* how by a little more fullness in the outline the dark vein would not have appeared. But human eyes can not penetrate the block that human hands must labor upon. Humanity is impotent to pierce futurity with its eyes of clay.

It is hard to see the very brow of one's life so marred—so darkly disfigured. Is it, we ask, the result of fateful effort? of the mastery that some dark, demoniac power has acquired over our feeble humanity? Is it impossible, even with the promised assistance of the Infinite Author of life, to mold the little block committed to us into symmetry and beauty? I trow not. Let us not so look upon our labor. Let us inquire into the causes of these imperfections of our life-statuary. The Creator never forgets us nor our labor. He gives us strength. He has said, "All things work together for good to them that love him." Will he, then,

permit what we trustingly labor upon to be marred at the instigation of malignant powers? We have not so learned him.

But, we say, when we have been neither careless nor indolent we see the fairest portion of our life darkened by some influence. What shall we call it? Call it the dear care and providence of God. We know that in some mystic manner the sunlight playing upon the dim negative gives us the photograph. Laid away in obscurity the dark spots that seem to deface the crystal would remain mere blemishes, but the light brings from these dimmed places jewels or features of beauty. So in the light of God, which illumines the forever, the black veins of our life will become its ornaments of glory. Seeing our utter poverty, God from his opulence fills the block he commits to us with beautiful possibilities. If we ask his assistance in our labor, he, seeing us about to miss our chief adorning, touches our arm and it is brought to view. We, with clouded vision, think our work is irreparably marred. But God is patient; he waits till, with weary hands, we have finished our labor, then with loving care he removes from our spirit-statue its mortal covering and lifts it to the light that floods eternity, and the dark disappointments are bright jewels. The blackened brow is crowned with a diadem sparkling as the stars forever and ever. Every defacing spot is beautiful as

"Antique jewels set in parian statue stone."

MENTAL STOMACH.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

MY friend of the rubicund face and plump muscles slapped his hand upon the region of the diaphragm and gave vent to the following piece of condolence: "Ah, my boy, if you had such a stomach as I have got! Why, when I eat a slice of meat, in five minutes it is turned into blood." Not quite so quickly as that, my extravagant friend; for Dr. Alcott says that a man's food never does him much good till about twenty-four hours after it is eaten. Still, with a poetic license, we will allow some truth in the assertion; and I have thought of a mental analogy, which is worth an attempt to develop for the benefit of all brain workers.

I see the same difference between men's minds that there is between their bodies as regards the digestive faculties. Some men are great gormandizers, and yet are gaunt and pale. Nobody can solve the mystery where the food goes to; but one thing is clear enough, to-wit:

That it does not go to blood and fiber. So I know a man who is a perfect devourer of book-stores; some people call him a bookworm, but a worm is n't a circumstance to his consuming capacity, which it would take a menagerie of quadrupeds to represent.

You can hardly name a modern pair of muslin-covered boards, with a gilt back and title, but he has swallowed all they contain, from preface to "Finis." And yet, speaking brain-wise, he is one of the most attenuated of all creatures. Never a day but you could lay your two fingers in the hollow of his cheek, and count all his ribs. That the mind experiences no growth, is evident in many ways, and among others, by the fact that in conversation he gives you no ideas, but only the sharp rattle of dogmatism, and you may settle it that a bigot is mentally a skeleton.

Another man I am very well acquainted with; he will fling himself on the sofa ten minutes before dinner, catch up a volume of Littell, read a paragraph as long as your finger, a scrap of biography, mayhap, or a bit of natural history, an idiosyncrasy of a bee or an alligator, an anecdote of Arctic travel—any thing, not much matter what; and by next Sunday it will be all worked into blood and fiber, and electric fire, in the shape of a sermon that makes sleepy deacons rub their eyes, and gives the flock soul-provender for the space of six carnal days. Burn up this man's library to-morrow—saving only the Bible—and he could drive a thriving business at sermon-making for a year to come. There is a wide difference, my student friend, between a brain-stomach that is a receptacle, and one that is a factory. Books are nothing but pig-iron to a manly brain; the molding and forging powers is the test of real utility, no less than the proof of active life.

Now, if I have succeeded in dragging my idea into the light, I have uncovered a fountain of inspiration and of consolation to overtaxed preachers. What doleful dirges do we ministers sing because we can not read more! A diurnal rush of miscellanies drives us out of the study into the street. Physiologically by the way, this is a merciful destiny, because oxygen is better for the brain than musty folios, and peripatetic theology more orthodox than that which is sedentary. Long ago have I ceased to vent such jeremiads. The hunger for books may become a dyspeptic craving, and gluttony may accompany gauntness. Perhaps preachers do not read too much—though I am acquainted with some who are great transgressors in this direction—but it is certain they do not think enough. Thought is what the people

want, and they will not tolerate any substitute for this. Knowledge is not surely contemptible; but if it is not transmuted into fiber, it is lumber. And so we have a natural philosophy of soporific pulpits, stuffed with erudition, obese with all literatures, yet in beggary for lack of original ideas.

A single other hint. This rare faculty of the mental stomach is susceptible of culture, and is not often an original endowment, as its corresponding physical power. You must set your brain on a hard bench and hold a rattan over it, and compel it to self-reliant work, else it will evermore want crutches. "Give thy mind sea-room," Dr. Young somewhere says. Books can not compass this problem, but thought and space are kindred to each other.

WOMAN A CIVILIZER.

IF God were to take the sun, and moon, and stars out of the heavens, the chances for husbandry would be what, if God were to take women out of life, would be the chances for refinement and civilization. Woman carries civilization in her heart; it springs from her. Her power and influence mark the civilization of any country. A man who lives in a community where he has the privilege of a woman's society, and is subject to woman's influence, is almost of necessity refined, more than he is aware of; and, when men are removed from the genial influence of virtuous womanhood, the very best degenerate, or feel the deprivation.

There is something wanting in the air when you get west of the Alleghany Mountains on a sultry day of Summer. The air east of the mountain is supplied with a sort of pabulum from the salt water of the ocean, by which one is sustained in the sultriest days of midsummer. Now, what this salt is to the air, that is woman's influence to the virtue of a community. You breathe it without knowing it. All you know is that you are made stronger and better; and a man is not half a man unless a woman helps him to be. One of the mischiefs of camp life is that women are removed from it. The men may not know what it is that lets them down to a lower state of feeling, or what that subtle influence was that kept them up to a higher state of refinement, but it is the absence of woman in the one case, as it was the presence of woman in the other. Woman is a light which God has set before man to show him which way to go, and blessed is he who has sense enough to follow it!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Children's Repository.

HETTIE'S FALSEHOOD.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SIX little children, Hettie and Fannie Starling, and Rosie Marsh, and Sarah, and Rupert, and Willie Hoffman, were out in a pasture one pleasant afternoon in June. The grass was very soft and green, and a flock of sheep nibbled the soft spears at a little distance from the children, while a half dozen snowy lambs chased each other over a hillock and on to a decayed log that lay half imbedded in the earth. A high hill towered back of them, and just below their feet a little brook danced over the pebbles, keeping time with sweet songs that cadenced the whole air around them. They had been climbing the hill for the pleasure of running down again, and jumping backward and forward over the brook, and trying to catch the lambs till, tired, they had at last sat down on the grass to rest. First they talked about the clouds in the western sky, and Rosie thought one small cloud far to the south looked like a chariot painted with purple and gold, and she wished she could ride in it around the sky and visit the moon and the stars; but Rupert laughed at her, and told her it looked more like a company of soldiers starting out to battle. He declared he could even see the captain with his sword and sash, and his color-bearer with his streaming flag; and Willie, who was younger than Rupert, and always thought just as he did, said it did not look any more like a chariot than the tree before them. He could even see the bayonets on their guns, only they were not of the right color. Hettie, who had been talking to Sarah about her spelling-lesson all the while, here raised her voice, and Rupert inquired if she said that she had been to the head the most times.

"No," replied Hettie in a sharp tone; "I was first in the class till Lucie Stone moved here. I wish she had staid away."

"Lucie is a real good scholar and a very pretty girl," and as Rupert finished the sentence he began to whistle and look away in the distance, as if he was still thinking about what he had said.

This was very provoking to Hettie, for Rupert Hoffman was the smartest boy in school, and Hettie had liked to play with him since she

first began to talk, and she had been ambitious to learn, to be an equal companion for him; and now to hear him coolly praise up a girl who had just moved into the place, and who had no beauty to boast of, except her curls, which were of the color of the golden sunset clouds, with the faintest blush of brown breaking through them!

"I do not think she is pretty or a good scholar, only in spelling, Rupert Hoffman. You know that half of the time she can not tell a noun from a verb. Little Fannie can do better than that, and as for geography, what a miserable blunder she made locating St. Domingo in Cuba to-day!" and Hettie closed her lips firmly and looked up to Rupert as she paused, and then turned away and began to pull the long grass near her very spitefully.

"You know, Hettie, she is too diffident to tell what she does know. There is not one of us but will own that she beat the whole class in reciting those disagreeable rules of grammar that used to plague me so last Winter."

"Yes, but she looked in her book just before she recited. I caught her at it," and Hettie's face as she said this turned very red, and her eyes dropped suddenly as if they had become clear like water, and something was shining through them that she could not bear to have seen.

To tell the truth, Hettie had told her first lie, and it seemed to her guilty heart that each of her companions, that even the little singing brook, and playful lambs, and the sweet little birds that she loved so well knew it and despised her for it. She had always been so truthful, almost proud that she was so, and now to think that she had defiled her soul and blackened her lips with a lie! She had been hurt at Rupert's words in praise of Lucie, so jealous through fear that she should supplant her in his esteem, and instead of trying to overcome the feeling and cherish kind thoughts of her, she had felt as if every encouraging sentence from Lucie's teacher, every word of praise or preference toward her had been so much defrauded from her just right. Even the pretty curls that God had given her had called forth envy; and this lie that Hettie thought so suddenly was but the brimming cup of wrong thoughts that for days had been in her mind, that had suddenly run over her lips in words.

"Let us go home," she said abruptly to Fannie, and when Sarah tried to coax her to stay a little longer, she crossly told her there was no fun staying in the old pasture, she was tired and hungry.

Rupert walked beside her to the bars, but

she scarcely replied to his words, and he, turning back, told Rosie Marsh that he did not see what was the matter with Hettie, she was as cross as his old dog Pomp, and he reached down and picked up some pebbles and began to skip them across a little basin of water made by the brook, then whistled off all puzzling over the matter in a lively tune.

Every thing went wrong with Hettie after she left her schoolmates. Fannie would not walk fast enough to suit her, and she made them perfectly ridiculous humming tunes in the street, and her apron was hitched one side, and she almost brought sobs to her little sister's lips by telling her that after this if she did not behave better when she went abroad she should stay at home, she would not be seen with her. Little Carrie Starling was up in a chair at a window when Hettie and Fannie came through the gate, and she clapped her hands and struck them against the window-pane to attract their notice; but Hettie only declared that she was in hopes the little tease would be abed, and she hung up her bonnet and took up a book and commenced reading without taking the least notice of the sweet child, grieving her so that all of Fanny's petting and kissing could hardly smooth out the dear little rosebud mouth into beauty. When Mrs. Starling came in from the pantry with a nice plate of doughnuts for the supper table, and paused a moment to inquire if her little girls had enjoyed their play, Fannie replied "yes" with both her lips and eyes; but Hettie never looked up or answered a word, and her mother, wondering what had come over her usually demonstrative daughter, turned away, thinking that she was tired and hungry, and hastened to the kitchen to hurry up the fire, so that tea could be upon the table in a few minutes.

It was a comfortless supper and a cheerless evening to poor Hettie, for she was fretful to Fannie at the table, and gave her mother a short answer which brought a severe reprimand from Mr. Starling, and she bade them good-night with tears in her eyes, and passed up to her chamber and laid her head upon her pillow, not daring to kneel and say her prayer to a pure God with lips so lately polluted by a lie.

Fannie leaned over and kissed her, then dropped asleep with one arm thrown over her head, and Hettie watched her in the fair moonlight that stole through the window, and the tears dropped fast upon the pillow as she listened to her sister's quiet breathing, and thought of the peace that let her take such sweet rest, and of her own eyes, kept awake

by miserable thoughts that made her as wakeful as at noonday.

It had been warm and beautiful at twilight, but clouds began to pass over the moon, shading it like a veil, then all would be bright, and Hettie leaned over and saw that the western sky was full of heavy clouds, and low and muttering, startling her into a tremble, came the heavy tones of thunder, vibrating through the heavens. Hettie was always afraid of a thunder-shower, but this, in her state of mind, seemed fearful, and as the wind swept the branches of the trees heavily against the house and sobbed and wailed through the leaves, and the vivid flashes of lightning made the deepening gloom of the room bright as noonday, she covered her head and called Fannie by name, and gently pressed her arm to wake her up to be company in her hour of fear. Soon heavy drops, sounding like tiny running feet, came upon the low roof, and the wind cried and wailed louder, mixed in with crashing thunder, and Hettie trembled like a leaf, and cried aloud, and promised God again and again if he would only forgive her this time and spare her life she would never be so sinful again. Fannie, wearied with her play, still slept on, while crash after crash shook the house, and the lightning flashed in the poor girl's eyes, even under the bed-clothes, and she, still confessing, and sobbing, and fearing instant death, felt her mother's hand upon her brow.

"O, mother, I have been so wicked!" and Hettie threw herself on her neck and clasped her tightly with her hands.

"What is it, my child?" questioned Mrs. Starling, feeling that it was no common fear that was so agitating her daughter.

"O, mother, you do n't know; I have been so sinful, and I am afraid the lightning will strike me dead before I am forgiven," and with words broken by sobs, and face hid close against her mother's neck, she confessed her sin.

"I will pray for you, Hettie," and Mrs. Starling kneeled, clasping her daughter's hand, and with fervent, humble words begged aloud for forgiveness for her child and help to sustain her in all future time in the hour of temptation, and that with meekness and true penitence she might be willing to confess and undo her sinful words as far as was in her power.

No more was said, but Hettie's sobs grew quieter and her form ceased to tremble, and as the heavy clouds rolled to the east, and the moon broke through and shone into the chamber and lay across the bed like a bow of peace,

the clasping hand unfolded from Mrs. Starling's, and with a sigh she bent over and left a soft kiss upon her daughter's closed eyelids; then passed with quiet step from the chamber.

Hettie was not a child to turn back when she had made up her mind, and, though the hardest and most humiliating trial of her life lay before her, yet she went to school with a firm step and a heart full of the purpose to try to do right.

She met Lucie with a pleasant smile and a kind good-morning, very different from the cool nod of other days that had seemed forced from her, and Lucie's face brightened as if a great pleasure was flooding her soul, for she was a child that was very sensitive to kindness. At noon all the children except Hettie ran down the hill to the river to wade and play in the water, and she sat alone with a book in her hand in the teacher's desk, idly turning over its pages, when Rupert, whistling and merry, bounded into the door after more contents of his dinner basket.

"You here, Hettie, all alone? Ain't you well?" he ejaculated, finding in the question a solution of her changed behavior of the night before.

"Rupert, I am sick, sick at heart. I was so wicked when I told you that Lucie looked in her book before she recited; I made it up, and it was a shameful lie. I do n't know what made me say so. It came so suddenly, but I now know that I have been committing sin by hating her ever since she got above me in the spelling-class, and to think how proud I have been ever since I can remember because every one depended on my word. They said I always told the truth. O, Rupert, I have been dreadful wicked!" and Hettie's face dropped upon her hand and she burst into tears.

"Do n't, Hettie; do n't cry. If you had only stopped to think I know you would not have said it, and I will smooth it over to the rest of the girls that heard you if you will only come out and play and forget all about it," and he reached for her bonnet and placed it upon her head.

"I can not this noon, Rupert, and you need not smooth it over, for it was just as bad as could be. I will tell Sarah and Rosie myself. I shall never be proud again, but you will believe me, won't you, Rupert?"

"As quick as I would my mother. Do not fret any more, Hettie; it was all because you did not stop to think," and, though Hettie shook her head sadly, he persisted by thought and word in his belief.

Years have passed, and Hettie is now a

young lady, respected by all, and she has never since been tempted into a falsehood; but the memory of her one lie has been an ugly blot upon the fair page of her life that at any moment since she would have given much if it could have been erased.

THE GOLDEN RULE

IT was a chilly, foggy evening in Autumn. Edith sat by the window, looking out into the gray gloom, in a state of mind something like that of the weather, disconsolate and depressed, she could not tell why. She was not alone in the room; her father was there, and a group of brothers and sisters.

"No one takes any notice of me, or cares if I feel sad," she thought. "Now, when one feels gloomy it is so pleasant to have some one come and cheer one up." Conscience whispered, "Do you know what is the matter with you? You are a little tired, and idle, and cross." She did not listen much to the voice. Suddenly there darted into her mind the words which she had taught little Lulu that morning, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

She did not care to listen to these words either, but they would not be dismissed; they seemed to say themselves over and over again in her memory, more times than little Lulu had repeated them in her anxiety to say them correctly at school, till at last she began to see what they meant.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if I really must do for somebody else every thing that I want somebody else to do for me."

She turned from the window and went and stood by her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must have had a wet and disagreeable walk home. Do n't you want your slippers?"

"Why, yes, I believe I do. I was too tired to think much about it, though. Thank you, dear. It is pleasant to get home."

The mother just then brought in a lamp.

"It was such a gloomy evening I thought I would light up early," she said, drawing the curtains.

Edith looked round on the group. Susie was lying on the sofa with hot, flushed cheeks.

"Poor little girl!" said Edith, kneeling down beside her, "you have one of those troublesome headaches, I know. I have something good for you—the nice cologne in the red bottle aunt Julia gave me." And in a minute she was bathing the hot forehead with it.

Meanwhile she noticed the cloud on her brother Russell's face as he pored over his school books.

"What's the matter, Russ?" she said, looking over his shoulder.

"Matter enough," he answered. "See here, I have eight sums to do, and I can not get the first one, and I don't know how many hours I've wasted on it."

Not many, Edith suspected, but she did not say so. At any rate, he wasted no more, for a few words of explanation gave him the clew to the solution of all his difficulties.

"I say, Edie," said Max, seeing that she looked propitious, "get me some string, will you, and the bottle of glue?"

"O, you inventor!" she said, bringing them, "what are you making now?"

"You'll see when it's done," was his only answer.

Lulu's ever-happy face was full of smiles as usual, this time at her doll, preparing for bed. Edith laid a caressing hand on the fair curls as she asked, "Where's Fanny, little pet?"

"Up stairs," said Lulu; "please tie Bessie's night-gown?"

As "Bessie" was laid to repose, with her staring blue eyes wide open in her cradle, Edith went up-stairs to find Fanny, wondering what could keep her up there alone in the cold. Fannie was next to herself in age, and shared her room. She was sitting in a little arm-chair in the growing darkness.

"I missed you, dear," said Edith, "and came to find you."

There was no answer, and Edith sat down on the arm of the chair and asked, "Are you sick?"

"No, no," cried Fannie, bursting into a flood of tears on Edith's shoulder, "but I want to be a Christian, Edie, and I can not do any thing till I know that Christ has forgiven all my sins."

Edith was startled; she had not thought of this.

"I am so glad, darling," she whispered.

The bell rang for tea.

"Go," said Fannie, "I am not going down, I can not."

Edith lingered, reluctant to leave her, but yet she did not know how to lead her as she would be led. She sent her mother to her as soon as tea was over, staying in the nursery herself to put little Lulu to bed.

A happy family rejoiced that night with one who was beginning to know the joy of salvation, having found Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Edith pondered upon her new application of the Golden Rule.

"How selfish I was," she thought, "to sit there moping because no one came to cheer me up, when, after all, I only needed to go and do my duty, and there was nothing to be gloomy about! Next time I think I want some sympathy I'll remember to go and sympathize with all the rest."

It was a good resolution, for she had been in considerable danger of becoming one of that numerous class of persons who demand and expect a great deal from others of notice, and consideration, and sympathy, but never seem to remember that there is just as much reason for them to give all these freely as to require them at the hands of others. And now, as I am closing, let me say a word to you, my friend. I know your case well. I have heard it a hundred times. The members of the Church have not treated you with the distinguished attention which they should; they do not call upon you; the minister has not been to see you for a long time; you miss religious conversation; you feel slighted.

Let me give you a word of advice. Call and see your minister this afternoon, not to find fault, but to cheer and encourage him who has many discouragements in his labor, of which you know nothing. Then call sociably on your fellow-members, and talk, not of gossip, but of the things of the kingdom of Christ; be friendly with your brethren, be a center of warmth and not a lump of ice which you wonder there is not heat enough to thaw. That is the demand of the law; that is the keeping of the Golden Rule.

GOD HEARS.

"JESSIE," said a little boy to his sister, "do n't talk naughty, for *God hears*."

Indeed he does; but how many children *feel* this—how many grown-up people? The Bible says, "There is not a word in my tongue but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

O, how many complaining words, teasing words, cross words, hard words, thoughtless words, wicked words, foul words, false words, lying words, bitter words God has to hear! Even if they are whispers he hears, and he knows whose mouth speaks them, whose feelings they express, all the harm they are meant to do, and all they do do to both speaker and hearer. In the hubbub of voices no body's word is so drowned but God hears it and knows it. "Do n't talk naughty, for *God hears*."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.—It is when we begin to examine the subject of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment, nay, the idea of employment of it at all, seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could not this afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be done with, or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two or even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool, practicing music, good for either mind or body—extended, too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding it pleasure from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great, if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim, in the majority of instances, being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is an indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but where there

is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

CLAY, PLASTER, AND MARBLE.—The Evangelist draws an impressive moral from the processes of the sculptor, in preparing a bust or human form for immortality:

"At Rome I visited the studio of Bartholomew, of Hartford. He showed me many marvels of art, among them the repentant Eve, which made me both proud of my countryman, and surprised that he was not better known. In the outer apartment were many pieces of statuary, finished. Not far from these were workmen engaged in chipping the marble from blocks, in careful imitation of models placed before them. After examining what was to be seen here, we passed into a smaller room within. About it were disposed many models in plaster. But in the center was one still incomplete, in clay. On this the sculptor had been engaged when called out to meet me; and while talking about it he made two or three changes in its details, in a moment, with his fingers. The clay was soft, so soft that it barely held together on the inner frame to which it adhered. The slightest touch indented it.

"The statue was of Washington, and since that I have seen it in marble in the chief street of the city of Baltimore.

"The process of the sculptor is this: first the clay, then the plaster, and then the marble. In the clay a change may be made with the greatest ease in the briefest period. If the plaster does not suit, you may break it in pieces and get a new mold from the clay. But when once the statue has been put into marble it endures. At Rome you see many things in marble older than 2,000 years. In plaster or clay, not one.

"What lessons come from the clay, the plaster, and the marble! Parents, and Sabbath school teacher, and minister of Christ, what lessons to you! Childhood is the soft clay; youth, the plaster which is molded on it; and mature age—and what is beyond it—the enduring marble, shaped from the plaster and the clay. When I saw that statue in stone, with the swelling waters of the Atlantic between it and the spot where it was born in clay, I had a look into eternity. All there was fixed which here is facile. All there was done which here is doing. O, sculptor in immortality! look well to the molding of that which, when once it has passed from thy hands, thou canst change no more forever! Look well to that which shall endure to eternity! Mold not out of thine own heart or intellect, but after Christ! Remember the clay, the plaster, the marble!"

PERSONAL NEATNESS.—Some say it is quite impossible for farmers' wives and daughters, who have so many duties to perform, always to look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them—but such declarations do not, in my opinion, militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter may be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to appear negligently dressed, on the plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, whitewashing, etc.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded, soiled, bad-fitting gown, with a sun-bonnet in keeping, worn in the house or out of it, slipshod shoes, no appearance of a white collar, hair squashed upon the head, with plenty straying about the neck, do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself, a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions, nor will the daughter, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably.

I am a wife and a housekeeper, and have been a daily worker for twenty-five years, but I have never seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System, and a desire to be cleanly, will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasure. My husband never has, and never shall have, an occasion to twit me or the girls in relation to a matter which every woman's pride or self-respect should guard against. Will not, then, my sister housekeepers give this question of domestic propriety, or respectability, their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but especially their daughters, and in no small degree their sons also.—*Martha.*

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.—A connubial little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a cotemporary print: "Wife and mother, are you tired, and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at these sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, 'What a fool I was to marry and leave my father's house, where I lived in ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for their comforts and their joys? O, wife and mother! what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms, and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearied and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by

the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do, if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for believe it, thou wife of a true and loving husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own. The present is all you can enjoy; use it well.

LIVING IN HEARTS.—It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances or a disobliging landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one can not be expelled from a true and loving heart, save by his own fault; nor yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill desert; but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image, the object of which they are more eager again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in his life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot—the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kindred now sleeping in the dust—there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove can bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one's solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home-feeling, the union of hearts which death can not destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is, when a person talks of his "dear old mother!" Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mamas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deputed her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all-embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin or modestly attired in bombazine.

HOME INFLUENCE.—We shall never know, till we are ushered into eternity, how great has been the influence which one gentle, loving spirit has exercised in a household, shedding the mild radiance of its light over all the common events of daily life, and checking the inroads of discord and sin by the simple setting forth of that love which "seeketh not her own," but which "suffereth long, and is kind."

WITTY AND WISE.

ANECDOTE OF NEANDER.—The following anecdote of the great historian is a good illustration of the inability of the routinist to do even the most common thing out of the beaten track:

"In Berlin, where Neander lived for years, he knew no streets except those leading from his house to the university. At one time a square through which he was to pass was filled with soldiers on parade. He attempted to pass, but was repulsed by the guards, and told to go around the square.

"But I do n't know the way," said the great historian.

"Then find it," replied the rude fellow, not knowing to whom he was speaking.

"In his distress, Neander applied to the bystanders for assistance; and, as there was a person near who knew him by sight, he took him round the square, and put him on the familiar path on the other side."

ANSWERED.—A sub-committee of a school board not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question: "If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear," said the committee-man. "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee-man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

WHAT DENOMINATION?—A Western farmer who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the treasury notes. The clerk inquired:

"What denomination will you have them in?"

Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied:

"Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the left on 't in Freewill Baptist."

No one enjoyed this anecdote more than the honored president of the convention, Chief-Justice Chase, who, when Secretary of the Treasury, had much to do in spreading these "denominations" over the country.

AN APT SIMILE.—Mr. Mudle, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea party at the house of the Rev. Dr. M. The Doctor was reputed for the suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said in his wonted manner: "Do take a little honey, Miss —, 't is so sweet—so like yourself." Mr. Mudle could not restrain his native tendency to humor, so handing the butter dish to his host, he exclaimed: "Do take a little butter, Doctor, 't is so soft—so like yourself."

A DANGEROUS CASE.—Some twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dickied, with a cap on one side of his head, met a celebrated doctor, and accosted him in this wise:

"Can you, ah, tell me, doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the, ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him, saying, "Take these, sir, and go to bed; and if you do not feel any better in the morning, call at my office."

CUNNING SON.—"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighbor's children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall punish you."

The next day Jack was over there again, totally oblivious to the interdiction till he saw his father enter the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home; there he was caught.

"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again that you would punish me."

"Well," said the father.

"Hold on, father," said the little reprobate, who knew if he could make his father laugh the matter would be all right; "you did n't catch me there, you caught me here!"

The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.—"It was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke, 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

STOCK RUNNING LOW.—A good story is told of a Methodist, at whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who, when bed-time came, and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good Book, with the naive remark, "I did n't know I was so near out of Bibles."

A GOOD REASON.—"Mother," said little Nezzie one morning, after having fallen from his bed—"mother, I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that was not the reason. It was because I slept too near where I fell out."

PILLARS IN THE CHURCH.—There are some men who are pillars in the Church, and do not seem to know it; there are others who think they are pillars, but are only caterpillars.

Scripture Cabinet.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.—The following valuable facts and thoughts about the Bible have been furnished for our Scripture Cabinet by our esteemed contributor, Rev. Richard Donkersley:

The following table shows the manner and order of time in which the Bible was translated into English:

Date.	Translation.
A. D. 706	Adhelm, Saxon Psalms.
" 721	Egbert's four Gospels.
" 734	Bede's St. John's Gospel.
" 880	Alfred's version of the Psalms.
" 1340	Rolles, or Hampole's, Psalms.
" 1380	Wickliff's Bible.
" 1526	Tyndal's New Testament.
" 1531	Tyndal's Jonah.
"	G. Joye's Isaiah.
" 1534	G. Joye's Jeremiah, Psalms, Song of Moses.
" 1535	Coverdale's Bible.
" 1537	Matthew's (J. Roger's) Bible.
" 1539	Cranmer's Great Bible.
"	Traverner's Bible.
" 1560	Geneva Bible.
"	Bishop's Bible, (Parker's.)
" 1582	Rheims's New Testament, (Cath. trans.)
" 1600	Donay Bible.
" 1611	Authorized Version.

In speaking of the different translations of the Bible, such expressions are frequently used as would lead those unacquainted with the facts to suppose that they formed so many independent works. But there is, in fact, but one version of the Protestant English Bible in print, altered and improved by different hands, and which has received the subsequent amendments of many learned men. But from the first to the last there has been but one actual translation. Let any one compare the earliest and the latest translations, and he will find a diversity of words, but such similarity of expression as can not be accidental.

We are indebted to King James for the excellent translation of the Bible now in use. It was undertaken in performance of a promise made at Hampton Court Conference. Dr. Reynolds, the great champion of the Puritans, by whom it was there suggested, was one of the divines engaged in its execution. Forty-seven of the best Biblical scholars undertook this great labor of love, dividing themselves into six classes, each undertaking a given portion of the whole. These several classes met and revised as a body their separate versions. One general version was next agreed upon, which was subsequently revised by each of the several classes. Two of the classes sat at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster. Three years were spent in the undertaking, from 1607 to 1611. The new version was dedicated to the King, and printed by Robert Barker in the year of its completion.

Up to the time of James I all Bibles were printed in German character, or black letter. After that date the Roman letters were adopted, and soon superseded the old-fashioned manner of printing.

The appearance of St. James's Bible forms a very interesting event in the history of the English language. It had the immediate effect of recommending to common use a very considerable number of words derived from the learned languages, for which the translators had been enabled to find equivalents in the

current English of the time. At present it performs a service of an opposite nature, and keeps in use, or at least in remembrance, many valuable words and expressive idioms which would otherwise have been rejected with disdain by the fastidiousness of modern taste as homely and familiar.

The formation of the complete Christian Bible was slow and gradual. For at least a century after the death of Christ, the Old Testament was all the Bible the Christian possessed. During this period there was no wide-spread definite idea of supplementing the records of the Old Testament by records of the New Testament. There was no feeling, as yet, that more was needed for the guidance of the Church than the interpretation of the law and the prophets in the light of the apostolic teaching. But meanwhile a written New Testament was in the very act of formation. The different types of doctrine, sanctioned by the apostles, found an outward embodiment; and the original writings in which those types were preserved stood out, with unchanging power, amid the shifting traditions which for a time preserved their substance.

Early in the second century the more frequent intercourse and wider experience of the Christian societies resulted in the definite establishment of a catholic Church—catholic, because it included all that was true in the partial views of heresy—and soon after the whole Bible was received as the pledge and witness of the whole truth.

The first book ever printed was the Bible. The first Bible was printed between the years 1450 and 1455, at Mentz, by Gutenberg—the reputed inventor of printing—a native of Strasburg, and Faust, who furnished the funds. It was completed in two folio volumes, 1280 pages, on good paper, and for a long time after it was offered for sale, none, save the printers themselves, knew how different copies could be fac-similes, as no two manuscripts could present such exactness. We marvel not that the Parisians, when Faust offered his copies for sale, were impressed with the horrible idea that he was assisted in his work by the "evil one." Eighteen copies of this first edition are said to be still extant. Four of these are printed on vellum; two in England, one in the Royal Library of Berlin, and one in Paris. Of the other fourteen, ten are in England in public libraries, and two in the collections of different noblemen.

The original book upon which all the kings of England, from Henry I to Edward VI, took the coronation oath is now, we believe, the property of a noble family in Norfolk, England. It is a manuscript of the four Evangelists, written on vellum; the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to the Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and fitted up for the coronation of Henry I. The original binding, which is still in good condition, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right-hand side, as

the book is opened, of the outer cover, is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration. The whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins.

The whole number of books in the Old Testament is 39; New Testament, 27; total, 66. Chapters in the Old Testament, 929; New, 260; total, 1,189: verses, Old, 23,314; New, 7,959; total, 34,173: words, Old, 592,439; New, 181,253; total, 774,692: letters, Old, 2,728,100; New, 838,380; total, 3,566,480. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter, Job xxix; middle verse, 2 Chronicles, chapter xx, between the 17th and 18th verses. The middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians; middle chapter, between Romans xiii and xiv; the middle verse, Acts xvii, 17. The conjunction "and" occurs 35,543 times in the Old, and 10,683 in the New Testament. The word "Jehovah" occurs in both 6,855 times. Ezra vii, 21, contains all the letters in the alphabet.

The Bible makes mention of the following books: The prophecy of Enoch, Jude 14. The Book of the Wars of the Lord, Num. xxi, 14. The Book of Jasher, Joshua x, 13, and 1 Sam. i, 18. The Book of Iddo the Seer, 2 Chr. ix, 29, and xii, 15. The Book of Nathan the Prophet, 2 Chr. ix, 29. The Acts of Rehoboam, in Book of Shernaiah, 2 Chr. xii, 15. The Book of Jehu, the Son of Hanani, 2 Chr. xx, 34. The Books of Solomon, treating on the nature of trees, beasts, fowls, serpents, and fishes, Psalm cli.

The price of a Bible, fairly written, with a commentary, was, in the year 1274, from \$150 to \$250, though in 1240 two arches of London Bridge were built for \$125. In the year 1272 the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was about \$180. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years if he would possess a copy of the Word of God. Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully-printed copy of the sacred oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

Men, distinguished for talents, learning, and discretion, throughout all Christendom, have given their testimony to the value of the Bible, in every age, since its publication to the world. True, there have been found men of learning and talents among its enemies, but such men were usually either unacquainted with the sublime teachings of the Bible, or else a corrupt life compelled them to attack its sin-reproving and sin-condemning truths. No one of those opponents of the Bible could say as John Quincy Adams said a short time before his death to a friend, that ever since he was thirty years old he had been accustomed, among the first things, to read the Bible every morning. With but few interruptions he had followed this practice for more than half a century. He had read the Bible in seven different versions, in the German, French, Greek, and Latin languages, besides various English translations.

"From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knees, I first learned to lispen verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there is any thing in my

style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."—*Daniel Webster.*

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

"I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."—*Fisher Ames.*

"I rest in the Bible as the only book in which is found true eloquence and wisdom."—*Picus Mirandula.*

"There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"Every word and syllable of the Bible ought to be adored; it not only can not be enough admired, but it can not be too much admired."—*Boileau.*

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

"I have always found in my scientific studies that when I could get the Bible to say any thing upon the subject it afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder by which I could safely ascend."—*Lieut. Maury.*

"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those the Scriptures teach."—*Milton.*

"When I commenced my duties of Professor of Theology I feared that the frequency with which I should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them. But after more than fifty years of study it is my experience that with every class my interest increases."—*Leonard Woods.*

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow the edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney was afterward actually employed at Geneva for printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, was subsequently employed in disseminating those sacred truths.

Voltaire, nearly one hundred years ago, resided in Geneva. One day he said in a boastful, sneering way, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." Well, in that same house, in that same room, where those impious words were spoken, there has since been a large deposit of Bibles, the sacred books filling the walls from floors to ceiling. So much for Voltaire's predictions.

It is a remarkable fact that the first provisional meeting for the formation of an auxiliary Bible society at Edinburgh was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.

"Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire so burns thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To purify all hearts within,
And shatter all the might of sin."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

STATISTICS OF CITIES AND MANUFACTURES.—The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, communicates a list of the cities of the United States with the statistics of their manufactures, including those having 10,000 inhabitants and upward. It includes one hundred and two cities, beginning with New York and ending with Newport, Kentucky. The total capital employed is \$417,129,234; hands employed—males, 410,920; females, 147,000; value of products, \$874,934,827. New York stands first in the list. Capital, \$61,212,757; males employed, 65,483; females, 24,721; value of products, \$159,107,369. Philadelphia employs a capital of \$73,318,885; male operatives, 68,350; females, 80,633; value of products, \$435,979,777. Cincinnati third in order: products, \$46,000,000; capital, \$17,000,000 in round numbers. Boston: products, \$36,000,000; capital, \$13,000,000. The other principal cities produce as follows: Brooklyn, \$34,000,000; Newark, \$22,000,000; St. Louis, \$21,000,000; Baltimore, \$21,000,000; San Francisco, \$19,000,000; Lowell, \$18,000,000; Providence, \$15,000,000; Louisville, \$12,000,000; Richmond, \$12,000,000; Pittsburg, \$11,000,000; New Bedford, \$11,000,000; Chicago, \$11,000,000; New Orleans, \$10,000,000; Manchester, \$10,000,000; Troy, \$10,000,000; Rochester, \$10,000,000.

Jews AND THE BIBLE.—Several men in Germany are engaged in translating the Greek text of the New Testament into Hebrew—an undertaking which, it is hoped, will greatly aid the work of the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. On the occasion of the recent marriage of a daughter of Baron Rothschild, the wealthy Jewish banker, a large number of Jewish children were invited to visit the Crystal Palace, near London, each of whom, as they passed the Bible stand, was permitted to take portions of the Old and New Testament. Not long since a visitor to this Bible stand found that in that forenoon fifty Jews had accepted copies or portions of the New Testament, only one of whom showed any bigotry.

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated 860, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on the subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Babi, 53 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 123 to Asia, 417 to

America, 117 to Oceanica—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindoostan and South America.

NEW YORK CITY AS A MISSION FIELD.—Rev. J. M. Freeman, writing in the New York Methodist, says there are 2,000 policemen in that city; that in 1864 there were 54,751 arrests; 10,263 of these were for crimes against property, 44,488 for crimes against the person, and 63 were for murder or manslaughter. There are 11,000 vagrants who are arrested about once a month, 10,000 fallen women, 125,000 children who are religiously uncared for, of whom 50,000 are vagrants, 100,000 liquor shops. Seventy-seven per cent. of the recipients of charity and five-sevenths of criminals are foreigners, of whom there are 388,717. There are 200,000 Irish and 120,000 Germans; "there are about as many Germans in New York as in Hamburg, twice as many Irish as in Belfast, and twice as many Jews as in all the land of Palestine."

THE RISING GENERATION.—In the United States there are about 60,000 common schools, which are supported in part by the State treasury and partly by school funds and school taxes. In England and Wales there are 46,042 public and private schools, attended by 2,144,378 scholars. In addition there are 1,545 evening schools, which provide for 39,783 children. The number of Sunday schools is 23,514, with 2,407,642 scholars. It is estimated that in England there is a scholar for every 8.36 persons; in Scotland about one-seventh of the people are at school, while in the United States there is one scholar for every five persons. In Russia only one child for every two hundred persons receives instruction in school; so that while at nine o'clock on every Monday morning there are 4,000,000 American boys and girls at school, there are in Russia only 100,000 enjoying the benefit of instruction.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. PAUL.—In the Vatican Library there is preserved a fragment of Longinus, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament, which is very interesting and valuable as a testimony of that great critic's judgment. After he has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says: "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." As a heathen, he condemns the Christian religion, but as an impartial critic, he judges in favor of the promoter and preacher of it. It adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities that, with all the prejudice he must have entertained against the Gospel, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that eminent apostle. And, no doubt, such as Longinus describes St. Paul, he appeared to the inhabitants of all those regions which he visited and blessed with the doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. The Acts of the Apostles give us in one circumstance a convincing proof of his eloquence, notwithstanding the want of several advantages of nature—as he himself

tells us—when men of Lystra called him Mercury "because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him as the deity who invented and presided over eloquence.

THE PLANET MARS.—Professor Phillips, of Oxford, has published an interesting summary of the results of recent telescopic observations of the planet Mars. No doubt remains that the white patches, so long observed at the poles of the planet are composed of snow. They change uniformly with the changes in the season. Red and green patches also have been discovered, which are supposed to indicate land and sea. By means of a spectroscope the presence of an atmosphere has been made certain, deep enough to sustain life, and dense enough to bear up aqueous vapors, which may compensate in part for the smaller heat received from the sun.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The first steam carriage seems to have been made by a Frenchman, Cugnot, in 1760, that same marvelous year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon I, Wellington, Humboldt, Mehemet Ali, Lord Castlereagh, Sir E. I. Brunel, Cuvier, and the first patent of Arkwright, the first patent of Watt, as also some other events almost as great in their eventual influence on the present era. An engine made by Cugnot is still in existence in the

Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. It has a copper boiler, very much like a common kettle without the handle and spout, furnishing with steam a pair of 13-inch single-acting cylinders. The engine propels a single driving-wheel, which is roughened on its periphery. Altogether, this engine bears considerable testimony to the mechanical genius of its inventor. It was unsuccessful, having got overturned once or twice on the very bad roads then existing in France, and it was put on one side. It is stated, however, that arrangements were made in 1801 to put it to work in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A DWARF ENGINE.—One of the most curious articles of an exhibition recently held in England was a steam-engine and boiler in miniature, and described as the smallest steam-engine in the world. It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly-wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven thousand revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty-eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing fourteen grains, or under one-quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. The dwarf piece of mechanism was designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsforth, England.

Library Notices.

A TEXT-BOOK ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE, for the Use of Schools and Families. By John C. Draper, M. D. *With One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations.* 8: Pp. 300. \$3.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work consists of fifty-four lectures as they were delivered by Prof. Draper to the students of the New York Free Academy. The author's ample experience as a teacher and as a lecturer on natural history, and anatomy, and physiology, qualifies him to understand the necessities of a good text-book, and in the fine-looking volume before us we think he has achieved his object. There is still room for a good popular work on these interesting sciences, both as a text-book for academic students and for the use of families. Not that there is much that is novel or original not found in books already in use, but that there is room for improvement in arrangement and for clearness and fullness of discussion. The volume before us goes far to meet this want. It is divided into three parts: First, Anatomy and Statical Physiology, embracing thirty-nine lectures. Secondly, Dynamic Physiology, in which in three lectures the author treats the interesting subjects of Reproduction, The Course of Human Life, and the Influence of External Agents on the Physical and Intellectual Condition of Man. Part Third is devoted to Hygiene, and contains twelve interesting and valuable lectures. The last lecture is especially valuable on the subject of prophylactics, or the prevention of disease; and the remarks on the prevention of the spread of cholera are opportune.

The mechanical part of the work is excellent, the text being printed in fine, readable type, and the illustrations copious and finely executed.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION; or, Scylla and Charybdis: consisting of Observations upon the Causes, Course, and Consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By H. S. Foote. 12mo. Pp. 440. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Foote, Ex-United States Senator and Ex-Representative in the late Confederate Congress, might be presumed to be able to write a very interesting book on our civil war, and to present some valuable suggestions on its "causes, course, and consequences." He has done so with a very good degree of accuracy, with as much impartiality as we perhaps have a right to expect from one so much involved in the subjects on which he writes as was the author, with tolerably good feeling, but now and then manifesting considerable personal bitterness, and with a sufficient amount of egotism. The style is too inflated for grave and reliable history, but well enough adapted to the nature of the work, which is rather a contribution to history of personal reminiscences and of personal experiences. The greater part of the work is taken up with the history of the development of sectionalism, the author, as is usual with the class to which he belongs, throwing about equal blame on each section. He was not in favor of secession, and claims to have contended earnestly against it, yet, for reasons and on principles which he does not attempt to give

us, was for about three years a Representative in the Confederate Congress, and was intensely anxious for the success of the Southern cause, and terribly bitter against many of the Southern leaders for their blunders and incompetency which led to failure. When he became convinced of the utter hopelessness of the Confederacy he became a pacificator, and nearly suffered a double martyrdom. The most interesting part of the work is the seventeenth chapter, in which he gives us quite an inside view of Secession. To Davis, Benjamin, Slidell, Seddon, Bragg, Hindman, and others he administers a terrible flagellation with hearty goodwill. The book has its place in current history, and will abundantly repay the labor of reading.

THE CRITERION; or, The Test of Talk about Familiar Things. A Series of Essays. By Henry T. Tuckerman. 16mo. Pp. 366. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Tuckerman has a place in the world of letters as the author of "A Sketch of American Literature," "Characteristics of Literature," etc., and is a genial, pleasant writer. In the work before us he has rather tried an experiment by putting his ability to "the test" of writing "about familiar things." The test is a severe one. Perhaps no subjects are more interesting to us when treated in a genial, pleasant, and sympathetic style than those that are most familiar. Nothing is more stale and commonplace than these same familiar subjects if treated in a style that is cold, stiff, and labored. We think Mr. Tuckerman has stood "the test" and measures up to the "Criterion." The book contains twelve essays on such familiar subjects as "Authors," "Pictures," "Doctors," "Lawyers," "Newspapers," "Preachers," etc., and we have read every one of them with interest. The author's easy style throws a charm around his subject, and his extensive acquaintance with home and foreign literature gives him the power of most happy illustration. It is just such a book as in an hour of leisure we like to sit down and read for recreation, just as in the absence of such a book we would like to sit down and spend the hour in conversation with a genial and intelligent friend.

BEGINNING LIFE. Chapters for Young Men on Religion, Study, and Business. By John Tulloch, D. D., Principal and Primarius Professor, St. Mary's College. 16mo. Pp. 296. \$1.50. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a republication of a work that has had an extensive circulation in Great Britain. Dr. Tulloch is one of the ablest and most pleasing writers of the age, and is already well known on this side of the Atlantic by the republication of his valuable works. About a year ago our publishers issued his "Christ of the Gospels," a most interesting work, which has been well received. The present volume is issued in the same beautiful style, and is an admirable companion-book for it. We wish it were possible to place copies of these two books in the hands of every Christian youth in the land, especially the volume now under consideration. Dr. Tulloch is a master of English composition, and we are very sure the pleasing style will lead every reader that begins the work through to the end, while he will find its matter to consist of the most valuable thoughts and suggestions. It is divided into four parts, the first containing ten chapters on

most important questions connected with the subject of religion. Part Second is given to a discussion of business under the two questions, What to Do, and How to Do It. Part Third to Study, under the questions, How to Read, and What to Read. Part Fourth, to Recreation—How to Enjoy, and What to Enjoy. Our only objection to the book lies against this part. Dr. Tulloch writes in England and under the influence of English ideas on the subject of recreation, which are far below the standard demanded by Christian thought in this country. The author treats the subject carefully and perhaps judiciously, but is quite too lenient and accommodating toward some forms of amusement, especially the theater. We are confident there is no safe ground on this question for the young man but absolute avoidance. The work, we repeat, is a most valuable one, and we heartily commend it to every youth.

A THIRD READER, on a Grade between the Second and Third Readers of the School and Family Series. By Marcus Willson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The excellent series of readers prepared by Mr. Willson has been extensively introduced into the schools of the country, and the present volume fills an important place in the series.

A NOBLE LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifaz, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," etc. 12mo. Pp. 302. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Miss Mulock, who, we believe, has ceased to be Miss Mulock, writes pure and elevated fiction, and demonstrates that such works can be made deeply interesting, without resort to meretricious arts, the introduction of doubtful characters, or the abandonment of a high moral tone. The present work is of just this character, and will interest while it will not harm, but rather instruct and inspire the reader.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," "Cousin Phillis," etc. 8vo. Pp. 258. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.—This is the last work of the lamented Mrs. Gaskell. Indeed, the last few pages were left to be finished by a friendly hand. The world of letters has suffered a heavy loss in the early decease of this gifted writer. Though writing chiefly in the department of fiction, she gave evidence of possessing genius of a high order, and threw into her works a charm that will make them live long after her own departure. The atmosphere of her books is pure and wholesome, and she deals mostly with actual and ordinary human life, thereby securing the charm of naturalness and truthfulness.

MIND IN NATURE; or, the Origin of Life and the Mode of Development of Animals. By Henry James Clark, A. B., B. S., Adjunct Professor of Zoology in Harvard University. With over Two Hundred Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 322. \$3.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is an able and original investigation of the problem of life and the modes of animal development. The work comprises the substance of a course of public lectures delivered by the author in 1864 in Boston, to which has been added a considerable amount of matter in the form of notes. Mr. Clark belongs to the Agassian

school; we can not say a disciple of Agassiz, but rather a co-laborer; as the author very justly claims a large share in the investigations and in the development of the theories contained in the celebrated "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." He accepts the development theory in a modified sense; so modified that it does not differ greatly from the common theory of progression. Animal life, according to the author, originated in very minute and but little organized bodies, and has progressively advanced from these minutest forms to the most perfect forms now existing upon the globe; not, however, by the development of an animal of lower organization into one of a higher mode of life, but by an order of succession, a progressive manifestation of new organs and higher functions as we ascend the scale of being. "It is not," says the author, "by a general advance of the whole organization that the upward steps in the development of types are made; but here and there one organ after another is either added or more and more specialized in its functions, till, by insensible grades, the highest type of organization within each group is attained." He believes in the spontaneous development of living beings, not, however, as the first mode of origin of all living beings, but as a possible mode of the origin of life in some of the most minute and ephemeral beings. And yet from this asserted fact of spontaneous generation he infers the following statement: "If under certain conditions, living beings, either animals or plants, of the lowest degree arise, there is nothing illogical in assuming that from these lowly-organized, *animate* bodies somewhat higher and more complicated beings may originate." We beg leave to think that the assumption is illogical, and that it is simply a question of fact, and as yet no such facts have been furnished by naturalists. The views of Mr. Clark are far removed from the Darwinian theory of selection, and directly opposed to "that form of the theory of development which teaches that all things originated through physical forces, which operate according to what are called physical laws." "It is my design," he informs us, "to proceed in an argument to prove that there is a power at work in the universe which possesses foreknowledge; the design of a forecasting, foreordaining mind—a thinking, intelligent, *animate being*: such a combination of powers that no form of physical law could possibly be conceived to represent." "Beyond the apparent prevalence of independent physical law, I hope I shall be able to show evidence of a *thoughtful design* to produce a *succession* of events, or a combination of cotemporaneous, interdependent phenomena."

We repeat, the work is able and profoundly interesting, and will be accepted as a valuable contribution to the study of the yet unsolved problem of the origin of life; for we still agree with the great Cuvier, that "the origin of organized beings is yet the greatest mystery of all nature; hitherto we have only seen them developing, but never originating."

ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D., Late President of Jefferson College. 12mo. Pp. 292. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—"The object of this book," says the author, "is not to

teach a system of philosophy, but to aid the student in studying subjects which are adapted to promote fixedness of attention and discrimination of thought, and which underlie all thinking pertaining to human action and progress. This object has determined the selection of topics, and the mode of treating them. The topics treated relate chiefly to the cognitive faculties. The general plan is indicated by the following questions: *What can the mind do? How does it do it?*" The author has been very modest in declaring the object and character of his work. What can the mind do? and, How does it do it? are questions which involve the whole science of mind, and he has gone a great way toward giving us clear, accurate, and satisfactory answers to the two great questions. It is an admirable little work; the author thinks deeply, sees clearly, and expresses his thoughts in a concise, terse, common-sense style, just as a teacher should speak and as a text-book should teach. He thinks independently too, exposing the errors of some great men who have preceded him, and venturing to express his own views irrespective of theories or names. He constantly reminds us of the "Common-Sense" of Bailey, with which and the shrewd sense of McCosh he is in strong sympathy. He has but little to do with transcendentalism, and as little with the cumbersome nomenclature of most "Intellectual Philosophies." We know of no elementary work on mental science better adapted as an introduction to the study of mind, and as preparatory for the larger works and more extended investigations.

ESPERANCE. By Meta Lander, Author of "Light on the Dark River," etc. 12mo. Pp. 336. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Meta Lander has written several very interesting works, and they belong to the same class as most of the writings of Miss Mulock, and the author of the Schönberg-Cotta series. With the same adherence to natural truthfulness and moral purpose as Miss Mulock, she reaches a little further into the domain of the religious life. With regard to all such works we can only say, that if fiction is to be read, no better can be found than the productions of the three writers we have just named.

LETTERS ON DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS. By Drs. R. & J. Hunter. Cincinnati: Published for the Authors. 8vo. Pp. 174.—The authors of this work are practitioners in the system of medicated inhalation for diseases of the throat and lungs. The system is explained and its benefits enforced in this treatise.

PAMPHLETS.—1. Eclectic Magazine, for March. Never stale, always interesting, full of fat things is this eclectic monthly.—2. Westminster Review, for January. The ablest of all the foreign reviews, and the most dangerous. Its attacks on evangelical faith are keen and subtle, and not always honest. There is more the show of fairness than fairness itself.—3. Catalogue of Alleghany College, 1865-66. George Loomis, D. D., President—6 teachers; 162 students.

NEW MUSIC.—1. John, a Serenade. 2. The Mother's Recognition. 3. Hope—Romance for the Voice. 4. We Parted by the River Side. A. C. Peters & Bro., 69 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

Century Record.

CHRONOLOGY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

1766. Methodism introduced into America at New York city by Philip Embury, prompted by Barbara Heck. The society formed by him first met for public worship at his own house, then in a larger room in the neighborhood, and afterward in an old rigging loft on William-street. Captain Webb assists Embury, and under their preaching many are converted. He preaches also in Philadelphia, on Long Island, and in New Jersey and Delaware. Robert Strawbridge, about this time, preaches in Maryland.
1768. First Methodist Church in America built on John-street, New York. Barbara Heck is instrumental in its erection. Philip Embury preaches in it the first sermon, October 20th. Mr. Wesley is applied to for preachers. Richard Owen, a local preacher, labors in the back settlements of Maryland.
1769. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, first Wesleyan missionaries to America, sent over by Mr. Wesley. Robert Williams emigrates to America and becomes the apostle of Methodism in Virginia and North Carolina.
1770. John King preaches in Delaware and Maryland, and establishes a Church in Baltimore.
1771. Francis Asbury, accompanied by Richard Wright, comes to America.
1772. Thomas Rankin and George Shadford volunteer at the British Conference as Wesleyan missionaries for America.
1773. Rankin and Shadford arrive in June, accompanied by Joseph Yearbry. Rankin appointed by Mr. Wesley Superintendent of the Methodist societies. First Annual Conference held in America. Preachers, 10; members, 1,160. First efforts at establishing discipline among the classes.
1774. Annual allowance for preachers fixed at \$64. Preachers, 17; members, 2,073. James Dempster and Martin Rodda, accompanied by William Glendenning, sent over by Mr. Wesley.
1775. Philip Embury died in August, at Ashgrove, New York. Philip Gatch labors in Maryland; Benjamin Abbott in New Jersey.
1776. During the Revolutionary War the Wesleyan preachers labored under many disadvantages, but in general with great success. Rankin, Shadford, and others returned to England; while Mr. Asbury retired for a time in the midst of the contest, so as not to stir up prejudice against himself as a British subject, though his sympathies were evidently with the colonists. At the close of the War the Methodist preachers numbered 82, and members 13,740.
1783. Jeremiah Lambert appointed to the Holston country—Francis Paythress travels in the Redstone country.
1784. Thomas Coke ordained by Mr. Wesley as Superintendent of the Methodist societies in America, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders. They arrive at New York November 3d. A General Conference of all the preachers called, and the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH organized at the Conference which assembled December 24th. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury elected Bishops. The Articles of Religion and Discipline of the Church established. Local preachers introduce Methodism into the Ohio Valley.
1785. Cokesbury College founded. Office of presiding elder instituted. John Dickens first prints the Minutes of the Church.
1786. First missionaries sent to the West. James Haw and Benjamin Ogden labor in Kentucky.
1787. First Conference held in South Carolina.
1788. First Georgia Conference held April 9th. First Conference west of the Alleghanies held May 19th.
1789. First American Book Steward appointed. June 17th Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon in Connecticut at Norwalk. President Washington receives a congratulatory address on his inauguration, in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from Bishops Coke and Asbury.
1790. Jesse Lee preached on Boston Common, and formed a society in Lynn.
1791. The venerable founder of Methodism died in London, March 2d, aged eighty-eight years.
1792. First General Conference held at Baltimore, November 1st. 266 preachers; 65,980 members. First society formed in Boston, July 13th.
1793. James O'Kelly, leader of what is called the O'Kelly secession, withdrew from the communion of the Church. He carries with him a large number of members, some of whom afterward returned to the Church.
1795. Cokesbury College burned, December 7th. Corner-stone of first Methodist Church in Boston laid, August 28th.
1796. Second General Conference at Baltimore, October 20th. 293 preachers; 56,664 members—six Conferences formed—Chartered Fund instituted. Benjamin Abbott died August 14th. First Western Conference held April 20th, near Jonesboro, Tennessee.
1797. Book Committee appointed. First class formed in Ohio, at the Salem settlement, near Cincinnati. Francis M'Cormick, a local preacher, the first leader.
1798. John Kobler commences his labors in Ohio. In company with Mr. M'Cormick he travels over most of the Miami country and founds Methodism at Cincinnati and in various places

- within the limits of the present Cincinnati Conference.
1800. Camp meetings originated in Kentucky. Third General Conference held at Baltimore, May 6th. 237 preachers; 64,894 members. Richard Whatcoat elected Bishop.
1804. Book Concern removed from Philadelphia to New York. Fourth General Conference held at Baltimore, May 7th. 400 preachers; 113,134 members. Benjamin Young sent as missionary to Illinois, and Nathan Bangs to Western Canada.
1806. Bishop Whatcoat died July 15th, at the residence of Richard Basset, Esq., Governor of Delaware, aged seventy-one years. Methodism introduced into portions of Louisiana.
1807. First Conference in Ohio held at Chillicothe, September 14th, Bishop Asbury presiding. John Travis appointed to form a new circuit in Missouri. Stone meeting-house built in Cincinnati, the beginning of the Wesley Chapel station.
1808. Fifth General Conference held at Baltimore, May 6th. Preachers, 540; members, 151,995. William M'Kendree ordained Bishop.
1809. Cincinnati circuit first begun in the Western Conference. Indiana district formed, with Samuel Parker as presiding elder.
1812. First delegated General Conference, New York. Preachers, 688; members, 195,357. Western Conference divided, and Ohio and Tennessee Conferences formed out of it.
1814. Bishop Coke died May 3d, on the Indian Ocean, aged sixty-seven years. He was at the time on a missionary tour to the East.
1816. Bishop Asbury died March 13th, at Spottsylvania, Va., aged seventy-one years. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 695; members, 214,235. Enoch George and Robert Richford Roberts consecrated Bishops. John Steward, a colored man, commences his labors among the Wyandott Indians in Ohio. About 1,000 colored members in Philadelphia withdrew from the Church under the leadership of Richard Allen, a colored local elder, and organized themselves into an independent body under the title of "African Methodist Episcopal Church."
1817. Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church instituted.
1818. The Methodist Magazine—afterward changed to Quarterly Review—began.
1819. The Missionary Society founded April 5th.
1820. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 904; members, 256,881. First delegate from Methodist Episcopal Church appointed to the British Conference. Mission at New Orleans established, by the Missionary Society, this being the first.
1824. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 1,272; members, 328,523. Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding ordained Bishops. First delegate from British Conference received.
1826. Christian Advocate and Journal begun. First number published September 6th.
1827. Sunday School Union formed April 2d. Protracted meetings originated in Maine.
1828. Bishop George died August 28th. General Conference met at Pittsburg. Preachers, 1,642; members, 421,156.
1830. First number of the Methodist Quarterly published.
1832. General Conference met at Philadelphia. Preachers, 2,200; members, 548,593. James Osgood Andrew and John Emory elected Bishops. Mission in Liberia founded—Melville B. Cox first missionary.
1833. Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Alleghany College, at Meadville, transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church.
1834. Oregon mission established—Jason and Daniel Lee first missionaries. M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois, founded. First number of the Western Christian Advocate published, May 2d.
1835. Bishop M'Kendree died in Sumner county, Tennessee, March 5th, aged seventy-seven years. Bishop Emory killed by an accident near Baltimore, Maryland, December 16th, aged forty-seven years.
1836. General Conference at Cincinnati. Preachers, 2,929; members, 650,103. Beverly Waugh and Thomas Alsbury Morris elected Bishops. New York Book Concern burned February 18th. Estimated loss \$250,000. Missions in South America begun. Domestic missions among the Germans begun. William Nast missionary at Cincinnati.
1837. Dr. Martin Ruter commences his missionary labors in Texas. Indiana Asbury University founded.
1838. Dr. Ruter died May 16th. Extensive revivals of religion in various places; one in Baltimore resulting in the accession of more than 1,200 members to the Church.
1839. General Centenary of Methodism celebrated October 25th. Missionary Society incorporated by the New York Legislature. Africa's Luminary, the first mission press in foreign parts established by the Methodist Episcopal Church, commenced in Liberia. The Christian Apologist, in German, begun at Cincinnati. Western Methodist Historical Society instituted at Cincinnati.
1840. General Conference at Baltimore. Preachers, 3,865; members, 852,918. New edition of the General Minutes in bound volumes published at the Methodist Book Concern. Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church reorganized, and first number of Sunday School Advocate published.
1841. Ladies' Repository commenced, L. L. Hamline, editor.
1843. Bishop Roberts died at his home in Lawrence county, Ind., March 26th, aged sixty-five years.
1844. General Conference met at New York. Preachers, 4,621; members, 1,171,356. Exciting discussions on the subject of slavery and Episcopal connection therewith. L. L. Hamline and E. S. Janes elected Bishops.

Hilary's Study.

HURST'S HISTORY OF RATIONALISM.*

MR. HURST has done excellent service in giving to the American public this able and popular epitome of Rationalism. It is just such a work as we need in this country; just the book that every young theologian should carefully read as an introduction to the more minute study of the great controversies of the present day; an admirable exhibition of the various phases and developments of modern skepticism which every intelligent Christian should understand. It is popular in style, easily read and easily understood. It is what it purports to be—a history; it attempts no argument, no refutation of the erroneous theories with which it deals; it aims at presenting these skeptical theories as they are, their chronological origin, their historical development, and in many instances their decay and death from their own weakness. The author very wisely conceives that one of the best methods of refuting this form of error is to tell us what it is, and what it has done. This he has accomplished in a very able manner; it is easy to see the immense amount of research he has given to this task; candor, fairness, and fullness mark every statement; the author evidently aims at giving an accurate and impartial history, and has given to its investigation years of patient study, both here and in Europe. Nothing is to be gained by misrepresenting an enemy, either by exaggerating or undervaluing his strength. Therefore he gives us the various phases of Rationalism nearly in the words of their authors. As a fair, accurate, and, for an introductory work, sufficiently full history of modern Rationalism, we heartily accept this work. It is by no means an exhaustive presentation of the subject, but leaves much to be said yet and written on the controversies of which it gives the history; especially do we still need for the American reader an able and thorough work, that would grapple with the false principles, philosophical, theological, and exegetical, that lie at the foundation of all these phases of modern skepticism. There is abundance of material for such a work. Anti-Rationalistic literature is even more abundant than works positively advocating its errors, but it is scattered and diffused, in a multitude of replies and monographs. It needs concentration into the form of one thorough investigation and refutation of the spirit, principles, and theories of this many-formed error.

Rationalism is multimorph in its manifestations, yet it is one in spirit. Its various phases, like the growth of the hydra, are but buddings from one parent stem. It manifests itself in theology, in exegesis, in philosophy, in history, in science; but in all these manifestations it is the same in spirit; it develops from the same

principles. It is the enthronement of human reason—the deification of man. It is an effort to eliminate from all departments of human life all Divine and supernatural elements. Here man becomes a self-developing, thinking machine; creation is but a long progressive unfolding of ultimate eternal forces; nature is but an aggregation of ever-acting and interacting laws; life is a spontaneous development, and man himself but the highest form of that development yet reached in an endless progression from the monad to what may yet be in the future; history is only the natural and necessary realization in deeds of human thoughts and forces; science finds nothing in the universe but phenomena produced by certain ultimate forces acting under eternal laws; there is no God, or at best nature itself is God; the Bible is only of human origin; there is no miracle, no prophecy, no inspiration; Christ was a most excellent man, but grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by his disciples and followers; Christian history is only one branch of the stream of human history, and that a very turbid one. These are the ultimate tendencies of every form of Rationalism. In some of its phases of course it has advanced but a short distance along this path of universal skepticism; in others it has reached the end and rests in absolute negation of all that is divine and sacred.

The controversy is evidently with every thing that is supernatural; and what is meant by the supernatural is, every thing that can not be comprehended by human reason. The ultimate question is, can any thing be true and a subject of obligatory belief that is beyond the power of our reason to apprehend? This question it carries into every department of investigation. The term Rationalism in its controversial and restricted sense, refers only to the application of this spirit and these principles in the domain of theology and Biblical exegesis. In this application it is of comparatively recent origin; in its broader usage it represents a spirit and tendency as old as the world. In the restricted use of the term, that which confines it to theological controversy, there are those who would again divide between Naturalism, represented in the old deistic writers who denied the Bible altogether as a Divine revelation, and Rationalism proper, represented by those who, within the bosom of the Church and professing in some sense to receive the Bible as the Word of God, apply to its interpretation Rationalistic principles, and either explain away its supernatural elements or deny them. This last is the Rationalism, the history of which is given in this work. It is preëminently the modern phase of infidelity, originating chiefly in Germany and extending thence to France, Holland, Great Britain, and beginning seriously to manifest itself in the United States. In this form it is "that law or rule of thinking, intimately united with the cultivation of talent and mind, by which we think that as well in examining and judging of all things presented to us in life and the range of universal learning, as in those matters of grave im-

* History of Rationalism; Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By Rev. John F. Hurst, A. M. New York: Carlton & Porter, and Charles Scribner & Co.

portance which relate to religion and morals, we must follow strenuously the norm of reason rightly applied, as of the highest faculty of the mind." And to show that this rule does not simply apply to subjects that may be supposed to be *contrary* to reason, but that it makes reason the supreme judge in all matters pertaining to "religion and morals," the same writer—Wegscheider—adds: "As to that which is said to be above reason, the truth of which can by no means be understood, there is no possible way open to the human mind to demonstrate or affirm it; wherefore to acknowledge or affirm that which is thought to be above reason is rightly said to be against reason and contrary to it." The application of "this law or rule of thinking" in the history of Rationalism, involves every degree of destructiveness from that which finds in Christianity "a divine, benevolent, and positive appointment for the good of mankind, and in Jesus a messenger of divine Providence, and in the Holy Scripture the true Word of God," but denies therein all supernatural and miraculous working of God, down to that bald infidelity which reduces Christianity and the Bible to the level of other mere human things, and the religion and morals which they teach as only one system in the many which men have originated for themselves. The most subtle, dangerous, and recent phase of Rationalism is that of which Mr. Lecky gives the following definition in the work which we noticed a month ago: "Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. It regards Christianity as designed to preside over the moral development of mankind, as a conception that was to become more and more sublimated and spiritualized as the human mind passed into new phases, and was able to bear the splendor of more unclouded light. Religion it believes to be no exception to the general law of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development." "Rationalism is a system which would unite in one sublime synthesis all the past forms of human belief, which accepts with triumphant alacrity each new development of science, having no stereotyped standard to defend, and which represents the human mind as pursuing on the highest subjects a path of continual progress toward the fullest and most transcendent knowledge of the Deity. . . . *It revolves around the ideal of Christianity, and represents its spirit without its dogmatic system and its supernatural narratives. From both of these it unhesitatingly recoils, while deriving all its strength and nourishment from Christian ethics.*" In this form it now chiefly manifests itself even in Germany, the older and more distinctive phases having given way before the revival of orthodoxy, piety, and Christian benevolence which now progresses there. In this form it has chiefly manifested itself in French Protestantism. This is its phase in the Rationalistic movement in the Church of England, and in this form it appears in the Rationalism of the Emerson and Parker school, and in the works of some of our leading men of science in this country.

In this subtle and captivating form, so pleasing to our intellectual pride, so liberal in setting aside all authority and in opening up the way to all manner of

speculation, so patronizing to Christianity itself, and so generous and eclectic toward all other forms of religion, it is the same destructive system that in its legitimate development leads to the denial of every thing vital and divine in Christianity, and to Materialism and Pantheism in nature and history. The "elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority" is but another expression for the enthronement of reason as the final judge in matters of faith and duty; for by conscience here is only meant the "faculty by which we discriminate between truth and error." Its attempt "to unite in one sublime synthesis all the past forms of human belief," is of course only an attempt to assign Christianity to a common and equal place in the category of human religions, to place by its side as of equal worth and authority whatever we may judge true and good in Buddhism, Brahminism, or Mohammedanism, and to rank the sacred books of Palestine in the same class as the sacred books of all other lands. It is assigning to man the prerogative of making his own religion by a generous eclecticism from all past beliefs. Its "revolving around the ideal of Christianity, representing its spirit without its dogmatic system and its supernatural narratives," is the grand characteristic of the infidelity of the present. Opposers of Christianity no longer pour out against it low, vulgar, scurrilous anathemas; they revolve around its *ideal*; they exalt its morality; they accept its benevolent spirit; they assign its Founder to a position of the highest conceivable human excellence; but Christianity teaches no doctrines; it provides no redemption; it imparts no spiritual life; it is sanctioned by no divine attestations; from its doctrines and supernatural narratives they "unhesitatingly recoil."

Thus the controversy with Rationalism, whatever form it may assume, is a controversy with that spirit by which man conceives that he is able to know for himself all that it is possible or right that he should know—to determine what is true or false by his own reason, and as a consequence rejects from his belief every thing that he can not know for himself, or apprehend and approve by his reason. As the supernatural is precisely that which lies beyond his power of knowing for himself, he rejects the supernatural. The earnest Christian of to-day is, therefore, called upon to reassert his Bible against Rationalistic exegesis; the dogmas of his faith against Positivism; the personal Deity that he worships against Pantheism; and his faith in the very world in which he lives, as created and governed and upheld by God, against materialistic science. And yet formidable as may seem the battle, it is only a new arrangement of the old forces which have been confronting each other through the centuries of the past. On the one side is human reason intrrenching itself in the sphere of Naturalism, and doubting all that lies without that sphere; on the other is Christianity asserting the vast sphere of the supernatural, in which are found the sublime facts of God, creation, revelation, inspiration, prophecy, miracle, redemption, and eternal life; God the Creator of all and greater than his own creation; God the Ruler of all and greater than his own laws; God the Father of all, and able and willing to interpose for the enlightenment, the sanctification, and the salvation of his children.

We have no fear for the results of the controversy.

There is something higher in man himself even than his reason that will ever be drawing him away from the dark and fathomless abyss of skepticism, and will lead him to recoil from the fatal step that cuts him loose from the things that are unseen but eternal; and in

Christianity, the religion of the supernatural, to which "God himself bore witness by signs and wonders and divers gifts of the Holy Ghost," he will find, as the generations of the past have found, satisfaction to wants of his spirit that are higher than reason itself.

Editor's Table.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—Mrs. Addie Travis Wiley, wife of Dr. I. W. Wiley, Editor of the Repository, died in this city March 2, 1866, aged thirty-five years. She was the daughter of Captain J. Travis and Helen Travis, of Brooklyn, New York, and was born June 3, 1831. Her early training was in the German Reformed Church, of which her parents are members; but in 1854 she became connected with the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school as a teacher and the next year with the Methodist Episcopal Church as a member. She was married April 24, 1855, and in 1864 came to Cincinnati with her husband. Her residence here was brief, but no one coming as a stranger into the midst of strangers ever won more upon the affections of her acquaintances. She was a woman of mature judgment and taste combined with the freshness and sweetness of a child. In simplicity of character, in transparency of life, in tenderness of feeling, in depth of religious sentiment and experience she was superior. Few persons outside of her own family can know her real worth, but in her case the words of King Lemuel may be used with touching emphasis: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." May the eternal God be their refuge, and underneath them be the everlasting arms! S. W. W.

OUR CENTENARY PLATE AND THE CRITICS.—Our attention has been called to a resolution recently passed by the preachers' meeting of Boston and vicinity with regard to our Centenary plate. To the same effect we have noticed a communication in the Central Christian Advocate. In both instances objections are urged against the picture because of the manner in which the name of Francis Burns is associated with the names of Joshua Soule and James O. Andrew. This is pronounced "an insult to the memory of a faithful missionary bishop," and a condemnation of the action of the General Conference and the bishops that ordained him.

That the plate could suggest this interpretation is to us a matter of surprise and regret. When the picture was in contemplation the artist who designed and engraved it consulted with us freely; and, though it was his first impression that the portrait of Bishop Burns should be included with the others, it was deemed inadmissible, for we desired to represent simply the progress of our Church in America by its episcopal history. Bishop Burns was not a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; his functions of bishop were confined to Africa; he could not preside officially in any Annual Conference except that of Liberia; and, though styled bishop, his full title only correctly rep-

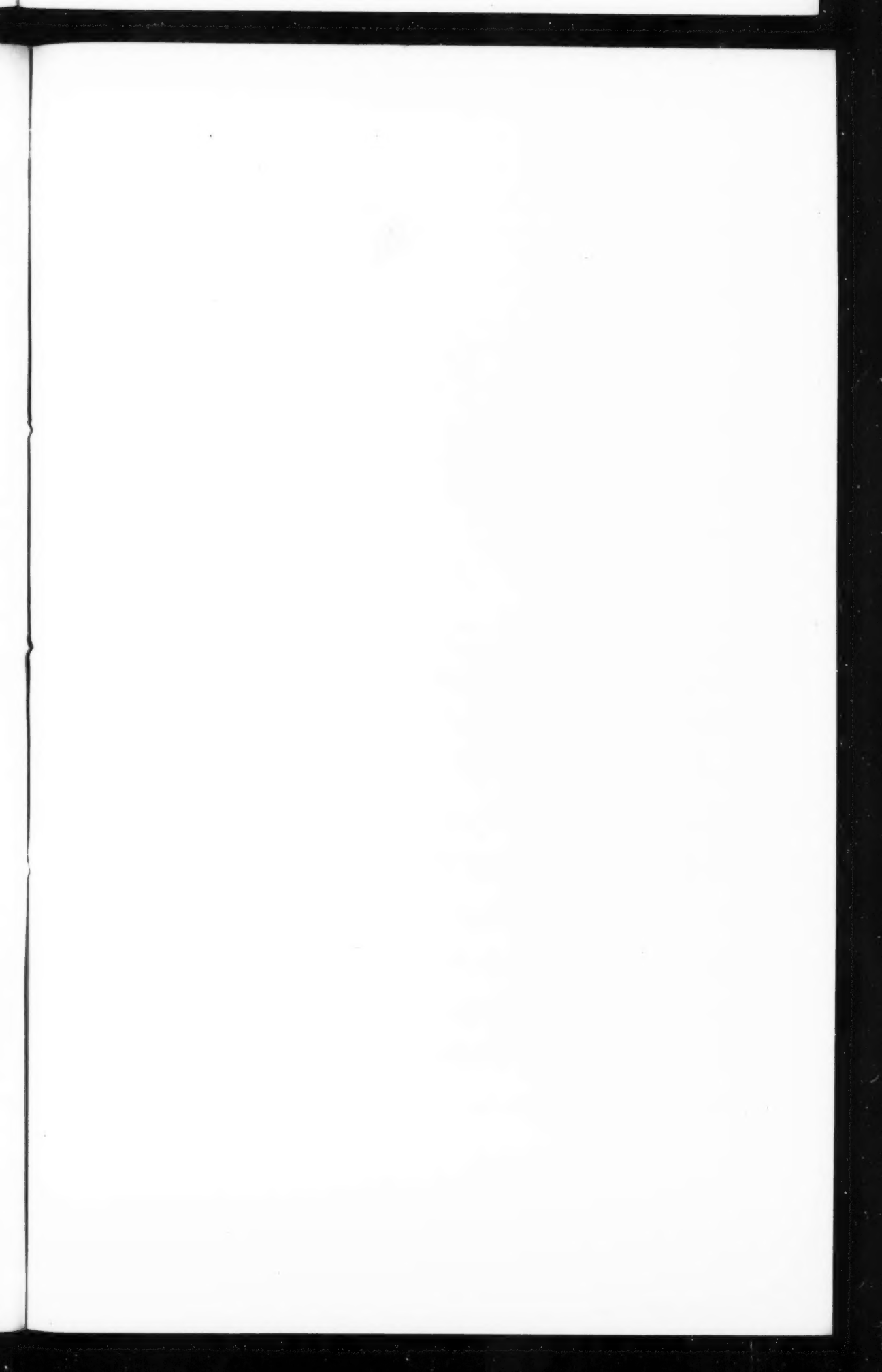
resents his office—*missionary bishop for Africa*. If, therefore, his portrait were used at all, it could only be as an appendage to the picture; yet, having borne episcopal honors in the mission work, we thought this fact should in some way be recorded with the other facts of our Church's history. The device of inserting his name on the shield at the bottom along with those of Bishops Soule and Andrew was approved by us; but neither ourselves nor the artist ever had the conception, and it certainly was not our intention, to degrade any one living or insult the memory of any one dead. Nor was the rule work over their names designed, as the correspondent of the Central suggests, to cast any shade over their characters. This was simply an artistic necessity; the harmony of the picture required a dark ground on the tablet.

No man can honor the memory of Bishop Burns more than we. Had he been in the line of the bishops we would gladly have engraved his likeness with the rest. We gave the portraits of all who acted as bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church and retained their connection with it and none other. In this we felt that we were doing what the case called for, but if we have mistaken in judgment we join with our critics in "profound regret."

HANFORD'S NURSERY, COLUMBUS.—A catalogue of this nursery has been placed upon our table, and we have examined its contents, which we find full of articles interesting to horticulturists. Fruits, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and flowers adapted to this climate are here included, and persons who intend to purchase will find a large variety to select from.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following articles are placed upon file, and will be used as we find a fitting place for them. The mere fact, however, of accepting an article must not be taken as a promise to publish it: *Prose*—The Christian Calling; The Best Cheer; The Story of Tell; Our Elder, or the Experience of Two Decades; A Mother's Love; The Government of the Imagination. *Poetry*—The Three Homes; What Shall I Write? I am Waiting; The Wanderer's Return.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles are not quite up to our standard, and we must lay them aside. The writers should not be discouraged at their reception, but try again: *Prose*—Home; The Social Principle; Religion in the Family; Gleanings from the Past; Individual Importance; Sowing and Reaping; Will is Destiny; Fitness. *Poetry*—Nonentity; Weary; The Two Builders; Heart Treasures; The Deaf Mute; Part of the Price; The Land of Peace; Loving the Savior.





Figured for the Lakota Monument

THE LAKOTA MONUMENT

Figure 10. A view of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, showing the city of Mexico and the bay.

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1874-81



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